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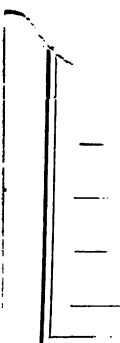
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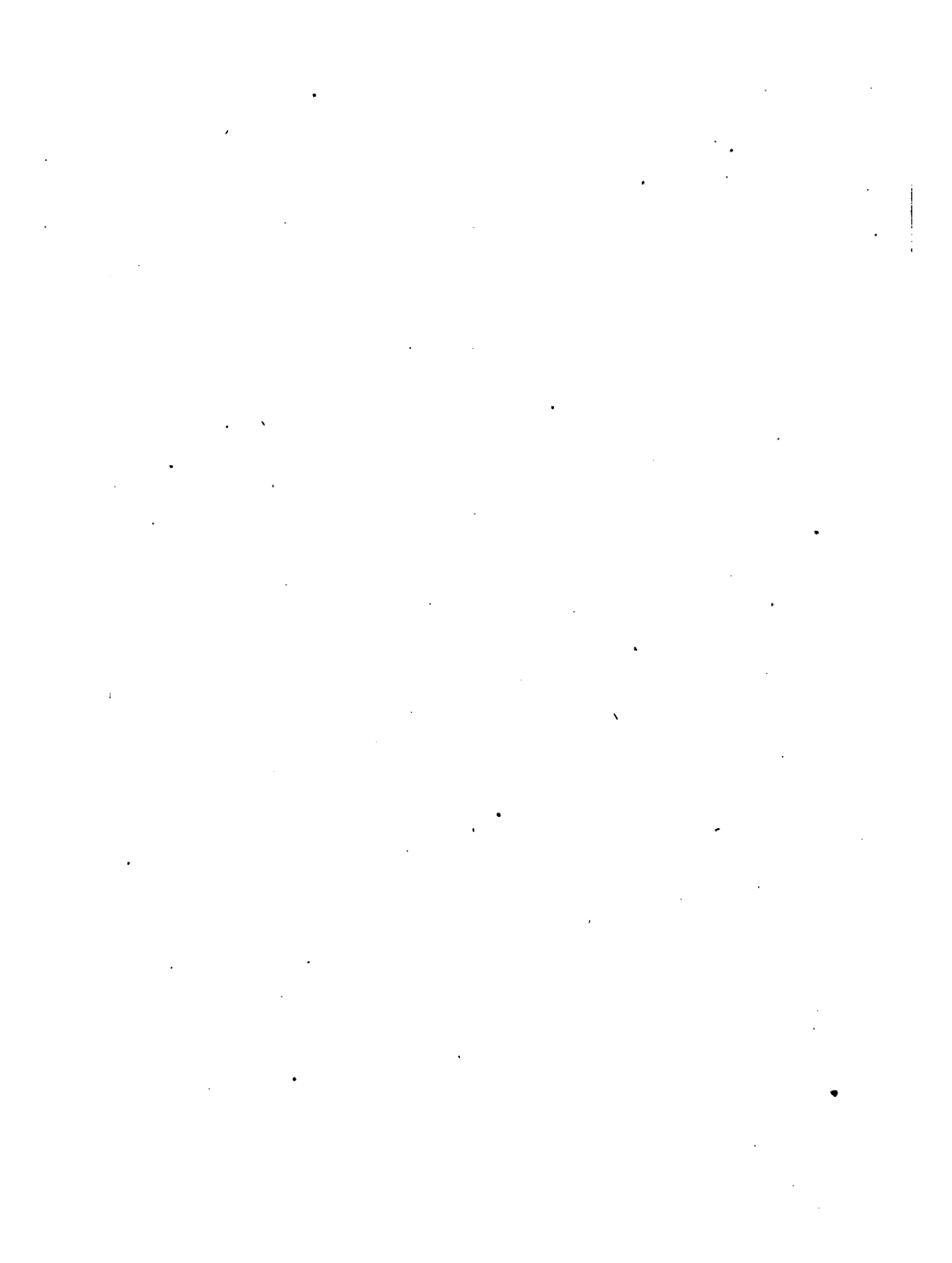


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STORIES OF COLONIAL CHILDREN

By MARA L. PRATT,
Author of "American History Stories," "Young Folk's Library
of American History," Etc.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Edw T 708.74.121.

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June 14, 1928

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INDEX.

	PAGE
Two Babies of Long Ago	7
First Washing Day	13
Landing of the Pilgrims	19
First Winter in the Colony	25
Visitors in the Homes	34
First Thanksgiving Day	43
Two little Colony Girls	51
Other Colonies	66
Massachusetts Bay Colony	72
Colonial Schools	77
Colonial Children's Sabbath	92
Indian Troubles	104
Lady Yeardley's Visitor	113
Boy Captive	121
How Jack o' Lantern Frightened the Indians	129
Two Brass Kettles	134
Mercy and Josh Cary	140
Hundred Years from the Settlement	153
War of the Revolution	163
Cause of the War	170
Children Just Before the War	178
Boston Boys	181
A Daring Girl	189
Col. Allan and His Boys	195
A Little Hero	208
Colonial Days at an End	217



NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS, ERECTED AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.

STORIES OF COLONIAL CHILDREN.



TWO BABIES OF LONG AGO.

Those two little baby boys! They were very, very welcome; yes, indeed. Pray do not think they were not. It was only that the cabin of the odd little vessel, the Mayflower, was so dark and cold and crowded.

There was not very much room; there were no pretty little cradles, with soft white

blankets; nor were there any dainty little baskets, with tiny combs and brushes, and puffs and powders, all ready for the babies' use.

But after all, what did it matter? There were the loving mother arms, which are better than cradles, if a baby can't have both; and there were the proud and happy papas, each one, of course, thinking his baby whole worlds sweeter than any other baby ever born.

And then the aunts and the uncles those two babies had! Every man and woman on board the vessel declared themselves aunt and uncle to these two wonderful new babies; and so anxious were they all to help take care of the little fellows and hold them on their laps, that even had they had the cradles and soft blankets, the babies would have had little time to use them.

How the sweet-faced, brown-eyed Priscilla loved to sit whole hours, crooning softly the quaint old hymn tunes—it was the fashion in those days to sing—looking down into the little baby faces all the while.

There was the bright-faced, gay-hearted Mary Chilton. She would trot the babies on her knee, pouring all the while such bright, funny stories into their baby ears, that young as they were, they would laugh back at her—at least, so the aunts and uncles used to say.

“What shall we name these babies?” asked the fathers and the mothers and the aunts and the uncles.

“Name them James,” suggested one.

“What!” cried the two fathers. “Name our babies James! Have you forgotten that James is the name of the king of England? And have you forgotten that we are escaping

from the injustice of that king towards us, and the cruelty of the English people?

“Have you forgotten that this very ship was built to bring us across this great ocean to the New World, that we may be as far from that king and his law as we can be? Have you forgotten that it is he that has driven us from dear old England, to seek freedom for ourselves in this new country, that we have never seen?”

“No! No!” cried all the aunts and uncles. “Certainly the babies cannot be named after the English king.”

“But the babies must be named,” said one, soberly.

“Truly they must,” said another.

“But what shall it be?” asked another.

At last, one day it came into the heads of the fathers to give their babies names that

should forever keep in mind the fact of their birth upon the ocean while their parents were wandering about, driven hither and thither by the wind and tide, in search of a new home.

“I have been thinking,” said Goodman Hopkins, “that since my little son was born out in mid ocean, I should like to name him Ocean. Still, it sounds rather odd as a name for a child.”

“And I,” said Goodman White, “since my little son was born almost in the very harbor, and so near at the close of our long wanderings, I should like to name him Wandering; still, as you say, it is a very strange name for a child.”

“I think I can help you,” said the minister, who had come with his little flock across the great, wide sea. “In the Latin I have learned, there are words that mean Ocean

and Wandering, which will perhaps strike more pleasantly upon your ear. Those words are Oceanus and Peregrine."

"Peregrine; Peregrine; Peregrine;" said Goodman White, saying the word over and over, that he might grow used to the sound of it.

"Oceanus; Oceanus; Oceanus;" echoed Goodman Hopkins. "Peregrine White," "Oceanus Hopkins," murmured the mothers, the aunts and the uncles. The names were a little unusual; but these people, as you will learn by and by, were themselves unusual.

The names were rather heavy for little babies; but "pet names" were not the fashion two hundred years ago; and as to obey the minister, even in his slightest wish, was the fashion, it was settled at once that these little wandering "water-babies" should be named Peregrine and Oceanus.

THE FIRST WASHING DAY.

Did you ever wonder how it came about that we in this country must do the family washing on Monday,—always on Monday?

There are countries in Europe where it is the fashion to have, now and then, one great “washing day”—but only a few times in the year. In our country it is the fashion to have a “washing day” once a week; and so, of course, it is not a great day with us, coming, as it does, so often.

These European people sometimes laugh at us, and say that we are “forever over the wash tub.” Well, perhaps we are. We won’t argue about that; but one thing is sure: we come rightly enough by it. For what was the very first thing, do you think, these Pilgrim

forefathers and foremothers of ours did when they reached the shores of this continent?

You see, the Mayflower had drifted into Massachusetts Bay, and there it lay at anchor just outside a little sheltered cove. The Pilgrims, some of them, had gone ashore to learn whether or not this was a suitable place for landing. It was a Monday morning. Nobody has ever told us; but it seems there came over the hearts of the good housekeeper women of the little band, the old-fashioned desire to "tidy up."

"What a fine place to do our washing, there in that little cove," said one good woman, looking longingly out across the water towards the shore.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the women. "Not a proper washing-day have we had in all these long weeks."

"And there are Baby Peregrine's dresses!" said Baby Peregrine's mother.

"And Oceanus's blanket!" said Baby Oceanus's mother.

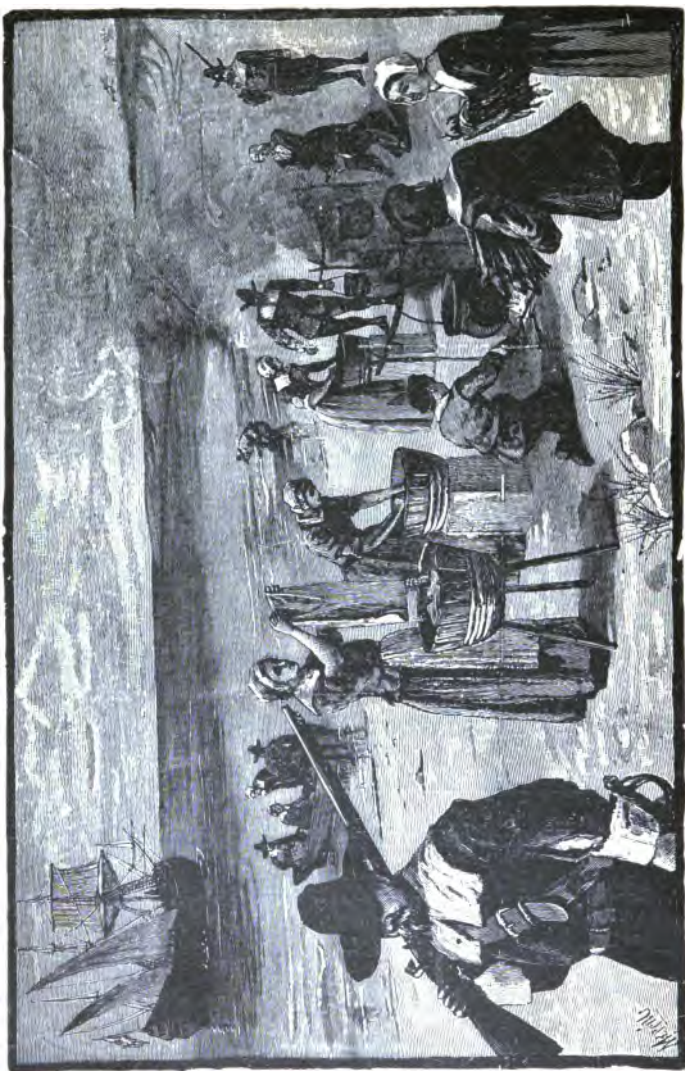
"We will take them all with us," laughed the other good women, who, having no babies, were free to wash to their heart's content.

"You are kind to do this for our babies," said the two mothers. "It seems almost wrong that we should not do it ourselves."

"But the babies belong to us all," laughed Mary Chilton. "We are all aunts to the babies, you know."

Well, to make a long story short, what do you suppose these thrifty women did? They would rather have died than not to have been clean—these Pilgrims.

So the "washing" was gotten together, the women were rowed to the shore, and there



in the cold, salty water of the bay, this Monday morning in the month of November, 1620, these foremothers of our nation washed and scrubbed in good English fashion. And the forefathers helped too. They built fires; they heated the water; and they helped to hang the clothes upon the trees and spread them out upon the snow.

It was not the way of these people to talk, or to laugh very much, or to be very gay; but, in their own quiet way, we have no doubt that they had a most happy time of it.

"It is very good to be clean," said one, with a sigh of contentment, when the clothes were all washed and dried.

"Cleanliness is akin to godliness," said another soberly, looking with satisfaction upon the great heap of fresh clean clothes, as they rowed back in their boat to the Mayflower.

Do you think, little boys, little girls, that washing day isn't history? Do you think history is all battles? O, no; that washing-day is the very best of history. And why? Listen: because it shows the spirit of the times; and that is history always.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The Pilgrims had hoped to reach the Hudson river; but the storms had been severe, the currents were strong, and they found themselves driven into Massachusetts Bay. It was bitter cold; the bay was full of ice; and the winds were sharp and cutting.

"We had hoped to reach a shore farther south," said William Brewster, the good minister who, you remember, found the Latin names for Oceanus and Peregrine; "but all is for the best, and we will dwell here where we have been sent."

For some reason they did not find this cove, in which they had built their fires and washed, suitable for a landing place.

"Let us sail on a little farther, keeping

close to the shore," said one. And so it came about that the Mayflower came at last into the little bay known now as Plymouth Bay.

"Let us land here," said one.

"And build our homes upon that sunny slope of land," said another.

"Or on the brow of the hill," said a third.

"Or at the foot of the hill along the shore," said a fourth.

"It seems a pleasant place," said William Brewster, simply.

The Mayflower dropped anchor. A few days later the boat was lowered, and the Pilgrims were carried to the shore. In the first boat-load was Mary Chilton — the gay, merry-hearted Mary Chilton that the babies loved so well.

The Pilgrims were a very sober, earnest people; almost too sober and too earnest.

They held it a sin to be gay. Even the children — and there were many on board the Mayflower,— if they romped too hard or laughed too loud, were sure to hear a solemn “Hush!” from their elders.

But bright-eyed, light-hearted Mary Chilton — she would keep gay in spite of all. How the children loved her! And the elders, even when they reproved her, as they sometimes felt it their duty to do, could not but feel kindly towards her. She was so hopeful, and bright, and joyous.

And so it was Mary Chilton who, with a laugh and a bound, sprang from the boat; the first woman to step foot on the shore of the spot the Pilgrims had chosen for their new home.

In another boat-load were the two babies, looking like nothing but bundles of shawls, held tight in the arms of their loving mothers.

Precious bundles these babies were; at least so the Pilgrims thought, as the little fellows reached the shore, and were lifted out upon the rock.

Back and forth the little boat plied between the ship and the shore until the whole company of one hundred and two were landed. It was bitter cold — Dec. 22 — and the Pilgrims were not warmly clad.

“But it is so good to be on land again!” cried Mary Chilton, her eyes sparkling and her red cheeks glowing.

“We shall soon build our own homes,” said Miles Standish manfully; “and when spring comes, we shall plant our fields and forget all the troubles we have known in Old England.”

“Let us thank God for His care, and guidance into this haven of rest,” said William



Brewster; and there, about the rock upon which they had landed, these simple-hearted, honest Pilgrims knelt and prayed. Then they sang a grand old hymn of thanksgiving, in which—would you believe it?—it is somewhere said that even Peregrine and Oceanus joined their voices, sending up as loud a wail as their two little throats could make. Poor little babies! Very likely they were cold; for indeed, it was bitter, bitter cold that snowy morning of Dec. 22, 1620, when the Pilgrims landed upon the shores of Plymouth Bay.

THE BABIES' FIRST WINTER IN THE COLONY.

A large, rough shed-fort had been built on the hill; and in this the colonists must live together until homes could be built for their families.

"My wife and my baby, Peregrine, must have a home of their own," Goodman White would say, as he took the little bundle of clumsy shawls in his arms; for you remember these babies had no dainty blankets and puffs of eiderdown, as babies have to-day.

"And Oceanus,—he, too, must have a home," said Goodman Hopkins.

The colonists were all industrious, hard-working, earnest men. There were no lazy men or women among them. Even the

children — Humility Cooper, Desire Minter, Remember Allerton, Love Brewster, and other children with names just as queer, were sober, earnest little creatures, ready always to help, as well as they could, their mothers and their fathers to build their homes. They were as anxious about the little village as the fathers and mothers themselves,—these old little children.

The men went briskly to work, even on the day they landed, to fell the trees and clear the forests for their houses. The women set to work cooking and washing, brewing and spinning; the children helped; and you may be sure it was not long before the smoke curled up from many a little chimney, and the little rough houses were filled with happy families.

There was Goodman White's little rough house, and not far from it the house of Good-

man Hopkins. The two babies grew older and wiser every day.

Such a comfort as these two babies were to the hard-working men and women. Busy as they were, there was always time to look in upon the babies; always time for a loving word and a gentle push for the clumsy little cradles they now slept in.

And when, after the homes had been built, and the babies had been taken away by their fathers and their mothers, it came to be the most natural thing in the world for the women to make very, very frequent calls at the babies' homes. The men, too, coming home from their work in the forests or in the fields, often turned out of their way to look in upon the babies, Peregrine and Oceanus.

It was well these sturdy, hard-working men and women had these wee babies to love

and watch over. It kept their hearts open. Sometimes grown-up people forget to be gentle and tender in the busy rush of life if there are no little folks to remind them.



THE COLONIAL MOTHER AND BABY.

I wish I could tell you that these brave people, now that they had found a home, were forever after happy and prosperous. Certainly they deserved to be; but the climate was

severe; the winter was hard and long; the snow and ice so deep that hunting and fishing were almost impossible.

The Pilgrims were not warmly clad, food was scarce, and, alas, before the winter was over nearly half the brave little band had died. Among the very first was Rose, the beautiful young wife of Miles Standish, the captain of the little company; and soon after the father of little Peregrine himself. It was a bitter winter. Food was already scarce, and one day the great log fort where all their corn and winter supply of food was stored took fire.

The Pilgrims caught fish and lobsters; and when the tide was out, gathered clams along the shore. A few times they killed a deer; but often they were so weak from hunger that even the strongest among them staggered as they walked.

The babies, too, had their part in the hardships of an early New England winter. There were no stoves in these days, of course you know. Furnace or steam heat for keeping a house evenly warmed? Why, the Pilgrims would have thought a man crazy had he said that such a thing were possible. The only heat in these early homes was from the great open fire-places, which usually stretched nearly across the whole side of a room.

Now, these open fire-places are delightful things to read about in books. When we read of New England families of long ago sitting before the great fires, telling stories, popping corn, and eating apples, we think, "How sociable! how home-like!" and we are almost sorry we haven't great fire-places now. But, strange to say, the people who had them in their homes and grew up beside them,

never have quite the feeling about them that we think they should have.

One writer, in speaking of the Colonial babies and these fire-places says: "The Colonial baby had a real struggle for life. In the



winter time, except at such moments when he was scorched by the flames of the roaring wood fire, he must have been shivering with cold, for the temperature four feet away from

the chimney on a raw winter's day would surely make any child scream with discomfort.

"On the Sunday following his birth the little martyr was carried to the meeting house to be baptized. Often the water was so frozen over in the christening bowl that the ice had to be broken."

However, if this had been the only day the little one had to go to church it might not have been so very bad; but these Colonial mothers were devoted church-goers. It was a heavy storm, with snow banked high, that could keep either men or women at home. And if mothers went babies had to go too.

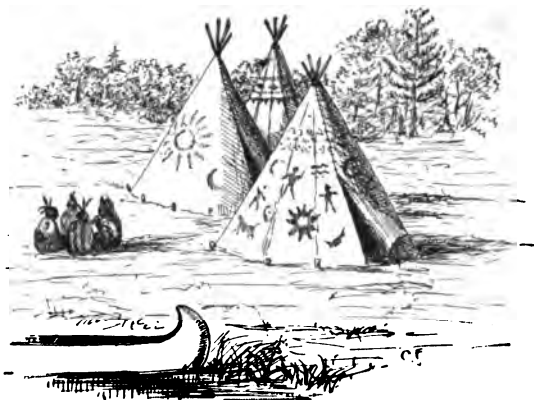
Sometimes the mothers held them in their arms during the long, long sermon, wrapped up in blankets and shawls. But in warmer weather, there were often little wooden cages in which the babies were set, that the

mother might give her whole attention to the sermon.

It is little wonder that poor little baby Oceanus died very young. Indeed, we wonder, rather, that baby Peregrine had the courage to live on, as he did, through it all. For we are told in the Plymouth records that "Peregrine White lived to the good old age of eighty years."



CRADLE OF PEREGRINE WHITE.



VISITORS IN THE HOMES OF THE PILGRIM BABIES.

While the Pilgrims were landing their household goods upon Plymouth Rock, they saw upon the brow of the hill, a little back from the shore, some Indians. They were talking together, pointing towards the white men and making earnest signs to one another.

"Indians!" whispered one of the Pilgrims. In a second every man had dropped his work and was looking towards the hill.

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted the Indians; which meant, "The white men see us! The white men see us!" For some reason the Indians did not care to be seen just then; so they turned, ran down the hill, and in a second were out of sight.

"What does it mean?" the Pilgrims asked of each other.

But no one could tell. "They may be afraid. Perhaps they fled from us when they knew we saw them," said one.

"Or quite as likely they may have been scouts sent by their tribe to spy upon us," said another.

"At any rate," said the brave Captain Miles Standish, "let us be always on our

guard. There is no way to know what they will do next. Let us keep our muskets ready. Let us never go forth into the woods without them; and let us never leave our wives and children in the colony unprotected."

Weeks passed by. Not an Indian had been seen since the first landing. "Perhaps they mean never to come again," said some of the colonists. Miles Standish shook his head wisely. "Quite as likely they may be planning an attack upon us."

At last, one morning in March, there appeared suddenly in their midst, a tall, straight Indian, dressed in his very best paint and feathers, a bear skin thrown about his shoulders.

The white men were holding a town meeting. One colonist was in the midst of an earnest speech. He stopped. Each man

seized his musket. Breathless they waited to hear what the strange visitor should say. For a moment he stood gazing at them. He neither smiled nor scowled. He looked them over; seemed to wonder what they were doing; then, giving a little grunt, he said, "Welcome, welcome, Englishmen!"

Where he had learned those words, no one knew; nor did the colonists care, if only he meant what he said.

"Welcome, welcome, Indian!" returned the colonists. At this, Samoset—for that was the Indian's name—gave another Ugh!—this time a sign of satisfaction. He went with the colonists to their homes; he sat at their tables and ate their food. Indeed, he settled himself down to spend the night with his new friends, so delighted was he with their welcome.

The Pilgrims were hardly prepared to receive guests quite yet, especially Indian guests. But they well knew Samoset must neither be angered nor sent away displeased. So they gave him presents, and made him a comfortable bed near a great roaring fire-place. Then, although pretending to sleep, they kept careful watch over him all night long.

"He seems friendly to be sure," said they, "but we can not be certain that he is not a spy sent ahead by his tribe, while they follow under cover of the night."

But Samoset was honest in this visit; and in the morning, after a good warm breakfast, he went away with his presents, as happy as a child.

The colonists were glad indeed when he had gone; for he had not been the easiest guest that ever was to entertain. But alas!

their joy was short-lived; for back he came, the very next day, and bringing with him five other Indians. He had no idea but they



would be just as welcome as he had been. Perhaps he reasoned that, if one Indian had been so welcome the day before, five Indians

would be five times as welcome. At any rate there they were; and there was nothing for the colonists to do but to be five times as polite and hospitable as they had been the day before. And so these five were fed and entertained all day long, much to the delight of Samoset who, no doubt, had promised them a rare treat. At night-fall the five went away; but Samoset had made up his mind to stay with the white men—forever, for all they could tell.

“What shall we do with him?” they groaned, as the days passed on. “We dare not pay him less attention; but we must do our work.”

“Send him to bring his chief to us. Tell him that we must see Massasoit,” answered Miles Standish. And in this way they were rid of him again for a time.

In a few days Massasoit came. He was a larger, stronger, straighter Indian than Samoset. He wore more feathers and brighter colored paint. He was terrible to look upon.

“Ugh!” said he, looking at the babies.

“Squaw,” said he, looking at Mistress White, who held Peregrine close to her heart lest this chief should take a fancy to ask to carry him off.

“Papoose,” said he again, looking at the baby with considerable curiosity. “White papoose. Ugh!” But Mistress White need not have been afraid. A white, pale little baby, wrapped in shawls and carefully guarded from all cold or pain or hunger, was not an Indian’s idea of a fine baby at all. An Indian baby, from the very beginning, is hardened to all such sufferings, to make him a good warrior by and by. If he dies, it is no matter.

"He had better have died," even his own father would say, "if he could bear no more than that. What kind of a brave would he have made!"

Massasoit, after he had been shown about the colony, and had been loaded with presents, sat down with the colonial governor, John Carver, to smoke the pipe of peace. It was a long smoke; for much that was said had to be told each other by signs. It took a long time to make the treaty with Massasoit, that should protect the colonists from the great chief's warriors. The treaty was made, however, and Massasoit promised that his tribe should never harm the colonists as long as he, the chief, should live. This treaty was faithfully kept, and for a long time the English and the Indians lived at peace together.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

Such an autumn as there was in 1622!
And such a harvest!

“God be praised!” said Gov. Bradford, looking out across the rich yellow fields with their wealth of harvest. “Let us appoint a day for solemn service of thanks to God who hath poured out upon us, his chosen people, such rich blessings.”

“A Thanksgiving Day! A Thanksgiving Day!” cried the colonists, falling in at once with their Governor’s wish.

“It seemeth right,” said Gov. Bradford thoughtfully. “God has granted us peace and plenty; he has blessed us with a dwelling place of peace; he has held back the savage red man from bringing harm to us. There-

fore let us appoint a day of Thanksgiving; and to our feast let us bid the Sachem come with his braves, that they may know that we too worship their Great Spirit — the God that makes the harvest grow. So shoulder your muskets, good hunters; and fishermen, get ready your lines; and you, too, sweet maidens and gentle housewives, do your part in the great feast-making. We men will bring to you the fish and the fowl and the wealth of the rich broad fields. Your part shall be to prepare it. Load down the tables; and let us feast and make merry as becomes a people so favored as we.”

There was great rejoicing in the little colony. In Old England there had been so many feast-days! To be sure, these Puritan-Pilgrims had not approved of them — indeed they had frowned severely upon them. “Life

is too serious to be wasted in merry-making," they had often said. But for all that, they had found the long months of all-work-and-no-play sometimes heavy to bear. Now there was to be a feast-day—the first feast-day in their new home; and everybody hailed it with delight.

The golden pumpkins were harvested; the corn was husked; the home-made beer was brewed; the wild plums and grapes were gathered; and preparation was made in every cabin for a generous Thanksgiving dinner.

How the children rejoiced in this day! Pies and cakes—all they wanted! Puddings? O yes! And pop-corn—not in wire poppers, to be sure; but hidden in the hot ashes, and watched and watched until the little pop! pop! was heard, and the explosive little kernel bounced up into the air, out perhaps across

the room. Then the laughing and the scrambling to find those kernels!

And the getting ready for the Thanksgiving—there was fun in that for the children. Patient little Desire Minter and Remember Allerton, yes, and the boy, Love Brewster, they had their part in it all; for there were the pumpkins to be sliced for future pies, and the plums to be dried for future preserves. The pumpkin slicing was the best fun of all. First the pumpkin must be halved—then it must be cut into rings—and woe to the child so clumsy as to break those rings. Then the rings must be laid upon the table and the tough rind sliced off. It was hard work; but these children were trained to hard work. And it was careful, painstaking work; but these children were in all things careful, painstaking children. It was, indeed, the spirit of the

colonial times to be careful and painstaking. And then when the pumpkin rings were ready! The pride these children felt in their little hearts when they saw their work strung across the room above the fire-place!

At length the feast-day was at hand. Early in the morning the families were awake and at work. First, there was the breakfast to be prepared; for Thanksgiving began at breakfast time. Then there was the sermon that the good Elder Brewster had prepared for the day. I wonder what it was like. I am afraid it was very long and very dry; and that the children away down in their sober little hearts were restless to get away to their homes for the good things they knew they were to have.

A feast-day meant so much to the colonial children! On such a day they were likely

to be allowed very much more freedom than was their usual lot; for in those days children were kept very strict and straight. Had one of them burst out with "O mamma, mamma! See what I've found!" as you do to-day, he would surely have been hushed with a chilling "Children should be seen and not heard." Or if the little girls had shown even a bit of natural vanity in their own pretty, childish faces, they would have been severely reproved with a sharp "Handsome is that handsome does, my child."

But we must not forget the guests these people had invited. "Inviting company" you see, was, from the very first, a New England custom for Thanksgiving Day.

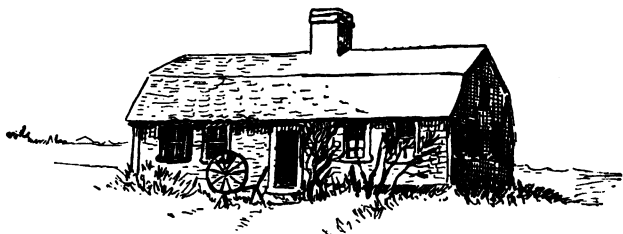
The great Sachem, Massasoit, regardless of etiquette, came early in the morning, bringing with him a hundred braves. To come

into the colony to a feast was an opportunity not to be lost, so the red men thought; therefore they came in time for breakfast, intending, certainly, to stay till "after tea," or longer, no doubt, if the feast held out. They were strange guests; but the colonists were hospitable, the Indians had been true to their pledge of friendship, and there was the best of feeling between them.

All day long they visited from one cabin to another, playing with the children, and watching with great curiosity the process of cooking in the different homes. It was like no cooking they had ever seen; but when the time for eating came, they showed their approval of it by the way they cleared table after table of the food set before them. There is no doubt the day was a joyous one, both to the red men and to the colonists.

“Ugh!” grunted Massasoit in true Indian fashion as he went away. “The Great Spirit loves the white children best;” which was, perhaps, his way of congratulating the colonists on their success and prosperity; or perhaps—who can tell? it may have been the great Sachem’s first recognition of what christianized, civilized life might mean to honest, earnest men and women like these early Puritans.





MILLS STANDISH'S HOUSE.

TWO LITTLE PLYMOUTH COLONY GIRLS.

It was not very long before Baby Peregrine was forced to share his honors with another little baby that came to take up its life in the colony. But this time the baby was a girl—Betty Alden she was called—the first girl baby born in the Plymouth colony!

And a bright little thing this baby was; as bright and pretty and full of life as her own sweet mother had ever been. And

when her father, John Alden, returned each evening to his little home, after a hard day's work upon his rocky farm land, or from a long tramp through the wood, or along the shore, in search of game, and found always waiting for his coming this little rosy daughter and her sweet, brave, busy, young mother, he could only look from one to the other and wonder which one he loved best.

For the Alden family was a very happy one, and the good father was deeply thankful for the joy that had come to him through his dear wife and this beautiful baby.

There had been a time when Baby Betty's mother had been very homesick and lonesome; for the cruel fever that had carried away so many of the brave colonists during that first hard winter, had taken her

dear ones, one by one, until she had been left alone. To be sure, every door in every little home in the settlement was open to her, and there was not a family but would have been glad to have her come to them; still Priscilla was sad, for none of these good neighbors could, in her gentle heart, quite fill the place of her own kindred.

And so, one warm spring evening, as she stood looking out across the bay, the rich red sunset pouring its flood of glory over the waters and upon the hill, Priscilla said to John Alden, "You are all brave men, so brave and strong. And I, too, mean to be brave; but sometimes I can not keep back the longings that fill my heart to see Old England once again. I know how kind you all have been to me since I have been alone; own brothers and sisters could not

have been more kind. I know, too, how good and how earnest of purpose are these men and women around me. I know this new home is fair. I know how grateful we should be for this land that has received us into liberty and freedom; but still, when I awake in the morning, or when I lie at night and think, there come to me dear pictures of the old home; and I think how soft the air must be, and how, just at this time in the year, the hedges are filled with blossoms and the sweet grass is springing everywhere."

"Poor child! poor child!" thought good John Alden; and his eyes grew very kindly in their light as he too looked off across the waters. "If only I might make a home for her and offer her its love and shelter!"

And by and by there came a time when John Alden did offer Priscilla his home; and with it, best of all, his own true heart—the truest heart, so Priscilla thought, that beat in all that little colony; and she forgot her loneliness and her dreams of dear old England—so happy and busy did she come to be in this new home John Alden had made for her.

Then by and by this little girl baby came to grace the happy home. Never had there been so wonderful a baby in all the world before,—so its mother and father thought.

Of course, the neighbors from all the country round about came to see it, and many were the presents made to it in those first few days, before it could keep its sleepy little eyes open long enough for one to tell their color. But they were beautiful eyes—

of that its mother was very sure,—and for a time little Peregrine was quite forgotten in the new excitement.

Indeed his nose was sadly “out of joint,” had he but known it. But since he did not know it, he was quite as happy as ever, and trudged about upon the hillside or played upon the shore, never once dreaming that anything had happened to take from his own little glory.

And when one day he was taken to see the new baby, he was as pleased as any one in the colony; and began to plan even then, for all we know, the happy hours they some time should have together down upon the shining sands beside the waters.

Betty was a good baby — that is what the mothers in the settlement all said of her; and when, as the years passed on and

she grew older, and little brothers and sisters came, the mothers still said, "Betty is a good child."

"I should hardly know what to do without Betty," Priscilla would say. For she was a kind, helpful, little body, always watching to save her mother steps, and to relieve her of the care of the little brothers and sisters.

"The little mother," John Alden used to call her, taking her upon his knee when at night she had tucked the little ones snugly away in their beds, and the work was all done for the day. For Priscilla and John, I am glad to say, were not so rigid in the training of their children as many of the colonial parents were apt to be; and so did not count it wrong to show their love for the little Betty.

Indeed, some of the colonists quite disapproved of the lax manner in which the little Aldens were brought up.

"Betty Alden is a romp," they would say when they saw her at play with the children, running races, and playing ball, her round little face flushed and red, her hair flying, and her happy eyes sparkling with health and happiness.

And by and by another little girl baby was born in the colony. Lora Standish she was called; and as these two grew from babies into little girls they became the closest of friends.

But very unlike were these two children; for Lora was a very quiet, thoughtful, little girl, tall, and slight, and pale, like a pure white lily. And she had long, rich, golden hair, and large blue eyes — the largest,

bluest, most beautiful eyes that ever were, so little Wrestling Brewster used to think — but there was a sad, far off look in them that made Lora's father and mother grieve to look upon them.

Then, too, Lora was very quiet — never caring to run and play; but content rather to sit quietly and watch the other children at their play; or better still, she liked to sit by her mother's side and knit and sew. And there is still to be seen in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, the very sampler that this child, more than two hundred years ago, wrought stitch by stich, sitting, as she loved to do, in the doorway of her little home, and looking out across the waters, and up at the white clouds floating by.

There were people in the colony, who, as these two children passed along the



roadside together—Lora always quiet and demure and Betty usually hopping and skipping, her little tongue chattering like a magpie, her sun-bonnet oftener swinging in her hand than resting upon her head—there were people who would sigh and say,—“It would be well if Betty Alden could learn the quiet manners of Lora Standish.”

But Lora's mother was wiser than those neighbors who would have had all children so quiet and demure. “It is not natural that a child should never romp and run,” she would say to Priscilla, as they watched the two children together.

Then the tears would come to Priscilla's eyes, and she would say, “Do not grieve dear Barbara; I am sure Lora will grow strong and well by and by.”

“Mother, is Lora going to die?” Betty

would often ask. "She talks so often of it — as if she were sure she will not live long here among us."

"Be gentle with Lora, Betty," Priscilla would answer; "it may be she is not quite strong and well."

Then the tears would come into Betty's great, warm eyes, and her strong, generous heart would long to help her gentle playmate over all the hard places; for a warmer-hearted little girl never lived than Betty Alden.

The years passed on; and these two little girls had grown to be big girls, who wore their dresses long, and placed the little white kerchief demurely around their necks, crossing it carefully and fastening it in the buckle at their waists.

Closer and closer had grown the friend-

ship between them; more and more had Lora learned to lean upon brave, staunch-hearted Betty; more and more had Betty grown in gentleness and tenderness towards Lora. But now a time had come when Lora went no more out into the sunny fields she had loved so well. All day long she lay upon her little white couch, looking out, as she had done all her life, upon the sparkling waters, and up into the mystery of the deep blue sky.

Each morning Betty came, laden with the sweet wild flowers that Lora had loved so well to gather.

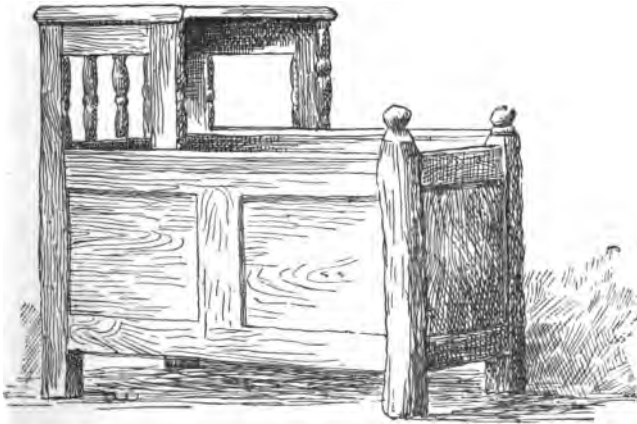
"You help me to be brave, Betty," Lora had whispered, one morning as Betty came in, her arms full of the beautiful pink Rose of Plymouth,—her own bright face no less pink and no less beautiful.

"And you help me to be good, dear Lora," answered Betty, with a great sob, as she knelt beside the little couch.

Then, at last, there came a day when the house of Miles Standish was filled with people. There were tears in their eyes, and there was a strange hush in the soft, warm air. Upon the little couch Lora still lay, robed in a white samite, brought from over the sea; and over her breast lay the long curls of golden hair.

But the little hands were folded; the great blue eyes that Wrestling Brewster had so loved were closed; the little face was very still; nor did it move when Betty's tears dropped full upon it; for Lora's beautiful spirit had left the little body, and the whole colony mourned for the girl, whose life had been so sweet and gentle.

“She was like a pure, white lily,” the people said; and when that evening Betty opened her little Bible and knelt alone by her own bedside, she read of the lilies of the field—for to her they were like her lost playmate, Lora Standish.



COLONIAL CRADLE.



OTHER COLONIES.

The Pilgrims, brave as they were, were glad indeed when this first winter was over. "It will never be so hard to bear again," they said, looking sadly at the burial ground upon the hill, where, already, half their little band lay beneath the snow.

And it never was so hard again. For, before the next winter had come, they had planted their little farms and had gathered a rich harvest. They had built more comfortable houses; they had bought from the

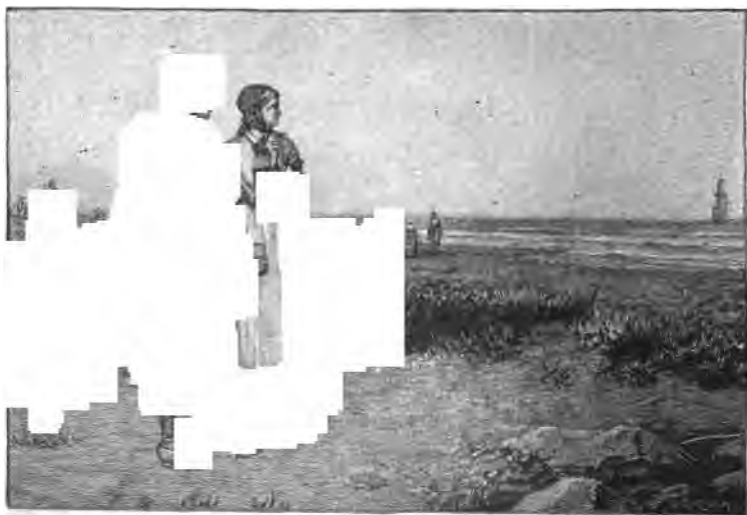
Indians, and had sent to England, many valuable furs; their barns and store-houses were full; the Indians had shown no wish to harm them. "Indeed we are now very comfortable." So they wrote to their friends in England.

By and by, one day, the Mayflower, which had been sent back to England for supplies, was seen again entering the harbor.

"Mistress White! Mistress White!" cried a neighbor rushing into her little house, "An English vessel is entering the harbor! An English vessel is coming!" The quick light came into Mistress White's eyes. Her heart beat fast. Sometimes she had been very lonely since Peregrine's father had died; and brave as she was, she could not, sometimes, but feel that if they had not come to this strange country, so bare and

so cold, Goodman White need not have died.

It was because of this, perhaps, that Mistress White's heart beat so quickly. An



English vessel—English faces! “It almost seems wrong,” this good woman whispered to herself; “but I long to see them. Just from England! How much they can tell

us of our old friends. Perhaps they will know of our people we left in Holland — of our good minister Elder Robinson — of — ” but by this time Peregrine was wrapped closely in his shawls, and away the mother hurried down to the water to watch the incoming vessel.

The whole village was at the shore, at least so Peregrine thought.

“It is an English ship! It brings more colonists! It is coming into our harbor!” cried the excited people. And indeed it was true.

What a welcome these new colonists received. Happy though the Pilgrims were in their new home, it was, nevertheless, a delight to them to see an English face again — one just come from their old home across the sea.

"But they were angry with their old home," you say? Yes, that is true, England had been very cruel to them. Still it was good to see an old friend and an old neighbor once again.

What wonderful stories they had to tell each other; what a world of questions they had to ask! And Oceanus, who was born on the sea, and Peregrine, who was born "just there in the harbor," and all the other new babies that had been born in the colony!—not one was forgotten, for all there were such worlds of news to be told of all that had happened in England and all that had happened in the colony.

From time to time, new vessels came from England; and more colonists came; until, in a few years, there were many villages scattered here and there along the coast.

All these little colonies were friendly with one another; and they banded together in all public matters, calling themselves the Plymouth Colony.

Meeting-houses were built, ministers traveled from village to village and from farm-house to farm-house, the children went to school, and in every way the Puritans were fast growing away from that picture we first had of them,—a mere handful of people, living in little rough, cabin-like houses, on the edge of the forests on the Plymouth Bay.



MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY.

It was in 1629 and 1630 that a large number of people from England came to the New World and founded a colony, which came to be known as the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

There were hundreds of men and women in this colony, and such hosts of little boys and girls. The Pilgrim children may have been lonesome sometimes; but certainly in this Massachusetts Bay colony they were not—there were so many of them.

These colonists came first to Salem;

and then, dividing into little villages, settled in what is now Boston, Charlestown, Dorchester, Watertown and other places. They were



FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

a different class of people from the Pilgrims,—these later colonists. They were, most of them, people of wealth, or at least, they were “well-to-do;” and so had not the bitter sufferings to bear that the plucky little band of Pilgrims had borne. Their first Governor,

John Winthrop, settled in Boston; and so Boston came naturally to be the important plantation, as they called these early settlements. Winthrop was a good man; one of the noblest and bravest in all the colony. He was a man of learning; and it was through him that Harvard College came to be founded so early in the history of Massachusetts.

Gov. Winthrop had a sister in England of whom he was very fond. "If only you were here with me, Lucy, in this beautiful new country, I should be content," he often wrote.

And the good sister longed to come. "But," she would write, "here are my two sons growing up. If there were only some place of learning for youths it would make me go far nimbler to your new

home; and, indeed, I believe a college would put no little life into the colony."

"My sister Lucy is right," Gov. Winthrop said to himself. And at once he set to work to raise funds for the building of a college. "I thank God I may now go to my brother," said Lucy Downing quietly; and in due time she came, bringing her two little boys with her. One of these boys, you will be glad to know, was one of the first class of graduates from this college, for which his mother and Gov. Winthrop had pleaded so wisely.



AN OLD TIME SCHOOL.



COLONIAL SCHOOLS.

And speaking of Harvard College reminds us of the schools of these early times.

From the very beginning there were schools; for the Pilgrims and the later colonists loved learning and were determined their children should not grow up unlettered as they called it.

The very first schools the baby Peregrine attended, as soon as he was old enough to walk and talk, were held in the cabins. The good women who taught the children,



being like all these brave foremothers, thrifty, time-saving women, often went on with their housework while the children did their sums or recited their lessons. There were so few pupils, and so little to be learned, why shouldn't they? Certainly they saw no reason why they should not, so long as one eye was kept on the mischievous little ones at work.

But, by and by, as the colonies grew larger, teachers were hired by the people, little school-houses were built, and the children gathered together a few months in the year to get a schooling. Sometimes the teacher was a woman — especially in the summer time, when the big boys were at work in the fields, and only the girls and the little boys could attend.

To these schools the girls carried their

work-boxes and learned to sew, while the boys did hard sums in the big arithmetic. There was no need for girls to learn very much, these early people thought. A little reading and writing, and a great deal of spinning and sewing, was what was best for them:

And as the teacher herself did not know very much, she, of course, could teach the boys only while they were quite small.

Their letters, their songs and their verses, they learned from an odd little book, called "The New England Primer." It was illustrated with small woodcuts, one for every letter of the alphabet, These were placed up and down the pages, each with its couplet at the right. All the children in all the colonies used the same book. Here are some of the pages from which they learned their letters :

NEW-ENGLAND PRIMER.



In *Adam's* fall,
We sinned all.

Heaven to find,
The *Bible* mind.

The *Cat* deliv' play,
And after slay,

The *Dog* will bite
A thief at night.

An *Eagle's* flight—
Is out of sight.

The idle *Fool*
Is whipt at school.

NEW-ENGLAND PRIMER.



Time cuts down all,
Both great and small.

Uriah's beauteous wife
Made David seek his life.

Whales in the sea,
God's voice obey.

Xerxes the great did die,
And so must you and I.

Youth forward slips—
Death soonest nips.

Zac-chus, he
Did climb the tree,
Our Lord to see.

As the branches of an Oak tree in Botolph wood, where he saw his sentence in full pursuit of him. This Oak tree was regarded, by the stories of the Kings, with much veneration, after having attended to it, the Royal Fugitive.

The teachers in these days believed in punishing children when they did wrong. One teacher, Mistress Tileston, who taught in Boston long, long ago, would go up and down the aisles in her little school-room, tapping sharply the heads of idle boys with a rough steel thimble which she always wore.

Mrs. Diaz, who has written much about her own early school days (and the schools, even as late as fifty years ago, had not changed very much) says : " Mistress Leonard had a faculty for contriving punishments. For example, when little Sethy Cushing tied his scarf around a kitten and hung it on the clothes-line, she tied the scarf on little Sethy Cushing, and hung him on the crane in her great kitchen fireplace, which was not at that time in use.

Scholars who told lies had mustard put on their tongues. When a little girl stole a vial of boxberry cordial from one of the other children, Mistress Leonard held that little girl's fingers over the red hot coals.

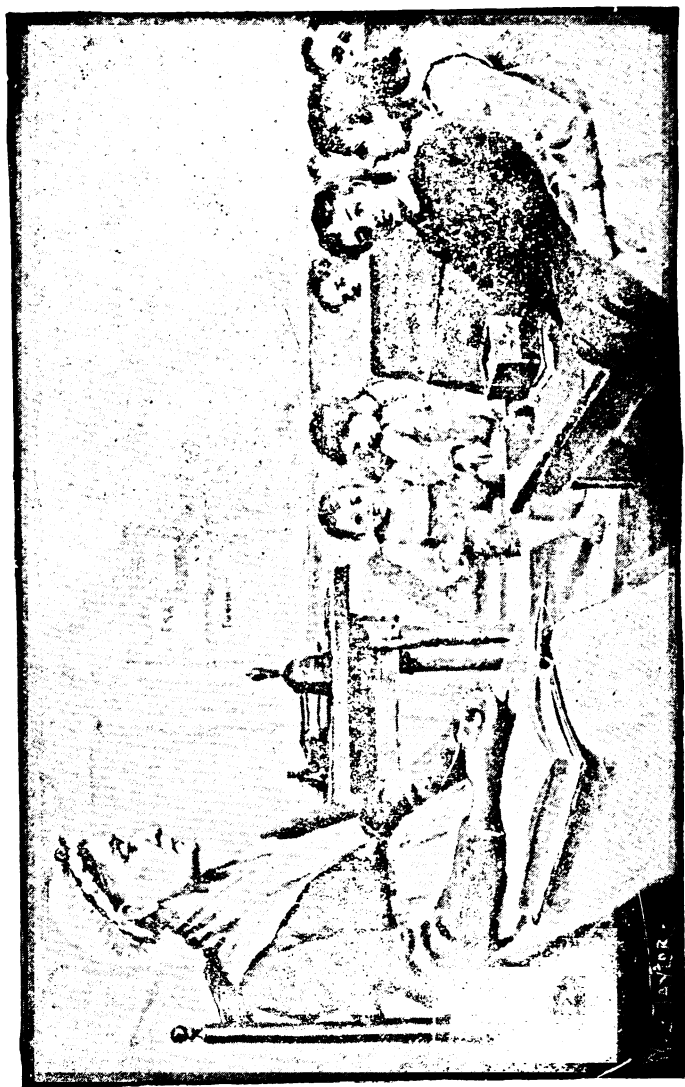
"This teacher had other ways, too, of helping us to avoid evil and turn to the good.



A PUNISHMENT IN COLONIAL DAYS.

"She had always a little thin oval locket marked, 'Best Scholar,' which she allowed us to wear when we earned it. She also had bows of ribbon, blue, red, and pink—and black! All good children went home with the bright colored bows pinned upon their shoulders. The child that had behaved very bad, wore home the black bow.

"I must not forget our Catechism—or Catechise as Mistress Leonard called it. 'Stand up and say your Catechise!' was



Mistress Leonard's first order in the morning. At that we all stood in a straight line, our toes exactly on a crack in the floor.

"The questions were put in a high pitched voice, very fast, and we were expected to answer equally fast.

"The 'Catechise' contained one hundred and seven questions, their answers, the Lord's Prayer, the 'Ten Commandments,' and the Creed. Some of the scholars knew the book through, and the 'Primer' besides.

Once in a great while the "committee men" would visit the school. When they did, it was a great day. If the President of the United States and all the Governors should enter your school-room, you would not be as awe struck as were these little school boys and girls of so long ago.

The committee men always heard the

children read. They looked over the writing books, frowning severely at the blots if there were any; then taking the spelling book in their hands, they heard the children spell. The bigger the words they could spell, the better scholars were they supposed to be.

"Ahem, ahem!" the committee man would say, straightening up very tall and looking very wise, "spell intercolonial."

"I-n in, t-e-r ter inter, c-o-l col intercol, o-n on intercolon, i i intercoloni, a-l al intercolonial," the pupil would answer in a very shrill, high pitched voice. For this is the way children were taught to spell, and to pronounce their syllables in "ye olden tyme."

"Ahem, very good," the committee would say in a patronizing tone,

On the very last page of the spelling book were columns of hard words—words with silent letters. Happy was the child that should spell that page for the committee man. Such a child's standard of scholarship was settled forever.

"Can you spell phthisic?" the committee man always asked when the school had been "spelled down" on all common words.

"Ph-th-is-ic," some child would answer, jerking the letters to keep the rhythm.

And Mississippi?

"Mis-sis-sip-pi," was the answer in the same jerky tone.

If the children stood fire on spelling, and then could tell how much a herring and a half at a cent and a half apiece would cost, that school was believed to be a success; and in the town reports, that

teacher was said to have "kept a good school."



NEXT!

But the men teachers. It would never do to pass them by.

I wonder if you have ever heard that old hymn called "Federal Street?" You will find it in the church hymn books; and a

grand old hymn it is. This was written long, long ago by one of Boston's old citizens, Gen. H. K. Oliver. This man, too, once gave an address on "Early Boston Schools," in which he says: "Master Haystop kept school on the corner of Franklin and Washington streets.

"The building was a very old one — one of the early colonial buildings. The walls were time-stained; the door was old; the staircase was old; and it led up to an old room on the second floor, where we were taught by a teacher that was also very old.

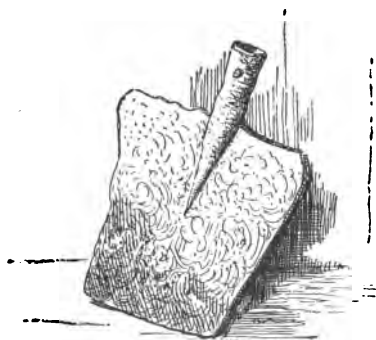
"His dress was very odd. He wore a tabby velvet coat, the tails of which stood sometimes straight out. Inside the coat was a waistcoat of tremendous length, through which showed conspicuously the nicely

starched ruffles of his fine white shirt. His knee breeches of velvet, like his coat, were finished at the knee by large and shining silver buckles; with these, in lustre, vied two more silver buckles which rested upon the tops of his clumsy shoes.

“Around his neck was wound, just once and a half, a stiffly ironed stock, which helped to keep his head stiff and straight, as became a teacher in his day. But above all, his crowning glory, was the wig—the white powdered wig, combed straight back from his forehead, and hanging always in a nicely braided queue behind.”

Now, to be sure, these schools that Mrs. Diaz and Gen. Oliver have told you of were schools of this present century; still you must remember that they were exactly like those of the very early colonial times.

Had Peregrine written the story of his own school days away back — 1625 — 1635, there would probably have been very little difference between those and these you have just read about; for until the present century this country grew very slowly, and old customs remained very little changed.



HAND MADE SPADE OF THE COLONISTS.



COLONIAL CHILDREN'S SABBATH.

The first minister in the little Plymouth Colony was William Brewster. He had come over in the Mayflower with the colonists, and he watched over and cared for them as long as he lived. "Good Elder Brewster," the colonists would say, as the kind man went from house to house during those first hard months when so many of his little flock sickened and died.

For some time the meetings were held in the little cabins, or in the fort on the

hill; but by and by a little meeting house was built, and it was to this the Pilgrims made their way every Sabbath, no matter how hot or how cold or how stormy the weather might be. For these early settlers, both of the Plymouth and of the Massachusetts colonies, were very religious people; and staying home from meeting because of weather was not to be thought of.

If I tell you about the meeting-house that Peregrine was carried to when he was a mere baby, and in which he and little Desire Minturn and Humility Cooper and Remember Allerton and Love Brewster grew to be young men and women, it will be like telling you of all the meeting-houses in all the colonies; for they were for many years all alike.

In the first place, the Sabbath began at

sunset of Saturday afternoon. "Let us spend our evening getting ourselves ready for the Sabbath," the people would say. So at that time all work was stopped, the children's play was hushed, the Sabbath had begun.

In the morning the people were up bright and early—long Sunday morning naps were not the fashion then—the little work that it was necessary to do was done as quietly and quickly as possible, and the family made themselves ready for meeting.

There were no bells on these little churches; but they were not needed. The settlements were small; and it answered quite as well for a man to stand upon the church steps and beat his drum for the call to prayer. In the quiet Sabbath hush of these half forest homes, the drum beat



CALLING TO CHURCH.

rang out upon the air clear and full; and the people, already dressed and waiting, had

only to take their Bibles and their muskets (these last lest Indians should steal in upon them) and go to the meeting-house. There was no hurry, no rush, no crowding, no



talking together. The men and women took their places, the children were put all together on one side of the church, and the services began.

First, the good Elder rose and gave out a hymn. A few people had hymn books ;

but since there were only a few of them, the Elder read one line of the hymn, the people sang it to some old well-known tune, then the Elder read another line. This, too, the



people sang, and in this way the whole hymn was learned and sung. Then followed a long, long prayer, then another hymn, then the sermon.

And such a sermon! Three, four hours in length! These people would have been

shocked at the short half-hour sermons we have nowadays. Three and four hours were none too long for them.

But perhaps you are thinking of those children we have left seated together at one side of the church. Perhaps you are thinking what a fine time they must be having there all by themselves, with no mothers to keep them from whispering or peeping over into the pews behind them.

But alas for these children! There was one officer in this church I have not yet told you of. He was the "tithing-man." That is, he was a man who stood behind the people and watched to see that none of the children played. In his hand he carried a long pole. On one end of it was a little deer or squirrel tail; on the other was a hard knob. If he spied a woman nid, nid,

nodding, he would step down the aisle and tickle the sleeper's face with the fur-end of the pole; but if he spied a child laughing



THE TITHING MAN.

or at play, he whisked around the fur-end of the pole, hurried down the aisle, and before the child had dreamed that the tithing-man was coming, tap, tap, tap, came the knob-end

down on the little child's head, and not very gently either.

No child cared to feel that knob-end many times; it was pretty sure to start out the tears, and sometimes it left a hard headache. So you see the children did not have so very good a time sitting all by themselves as you may have supposed.

Another duty of the tithing-man was to watch the hour-glass that stood on the preacher's desk. Clocks were rare these days, and hour-glasses were used in their stead. Very closely did the tithing-man watch the sand in the glass. As soon as it was out, over the glass was turned, that it might fill again.

On and on the Elder preached, watching the hour-glass, timing his sermon, not according to how much in his very heart he

had to say to his people, but according to a certain length of time which he was expected to preach.

When, at last, the long sermon was over, the people, stiff and cold and tired, gathered up their foot-stoves—for there were no fires in the meeting-houses,—and very solemnly made their way homeward, to spend the remainder of the day in prayer and the quiet reading of such books as had to do with religious subjects. At sunset, however, again the restraint was off; and the little children were free to enjoy themselves in their own natural, innocent way again.

Perhaps, for the fun of it, you will enjoy these records from the report book of an old judge who lived in these colonial times. In one book, in which he has



AFTER THE SERMON.

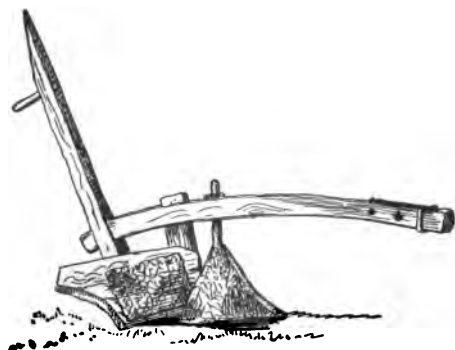
recorded the minor cases he tried as Justice of the Peace, he says: "His Majesty's Tithing-man entered complaint against Jona, and Susan Smith, that on the Lord's Day, during Divine Service, they did smile. They were found guilty, and each was fined five shillings and costs."

But it was usually the "small boy" whose behavior in the meeting-house provoked the Puritan Elders to groan in chorus, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child."

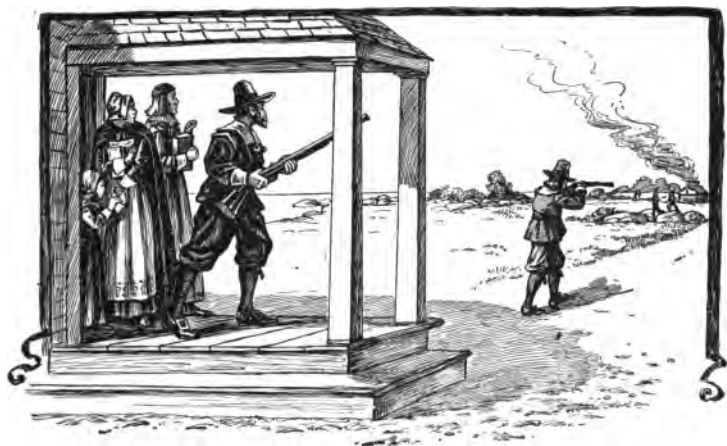
The boy was seated with other boys, instead of with his father and mother in a family pew. They were herded together on the pulpit and gallery stairs, and tithing-men and constables were appointed to watch over them, "and see that they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as meet."

In one parish, it was ordered in town meeting "that there be some sticks set up in various places in the meeting-house, and that fit persons be chosen to use them."

It is feared, too, that the Colonial boy sometimes was so bad as to whittle during these long church services; for in the old records of Medford town, it says, "We of Medford do pass an order that all boys who cut the seats in the meeting-house shall be prosecuted."



COLONIAL PLOUGH.



INDIAN TROUBLES.

As long as Massasoit lived the colonists had no trouble with the Indians; for he was a powerful chief, and although many of the neighboring tribes hated the white men and longed to attack them, they dared not so long as Massasoit was their friend and protector.

But the time came when Massasoit

died. A sad, sad day was this for the men and women and children when this brave-hearted chief was taken from them; for now the neighboring tribes burst upon them, and not for years and years, not until the country had become settled, up and down the coast and far inland, were these Indians completely conquered.

The Indians proved to be cruel foes; suspicious, and forever on the watch for an opportunity to shoot down a colonist wherever or whenever he might be found. The Indians never came out in open battle—that was not their way; but in the night time, or when the men were away at their work in the fields, they would swoop down upon a house or a village with their horrid whoops and yells, destroying the houses and killing even the little innocent children.

No colonist thought of going even to the little meeting-house of his village without his gun; for how could he know but in



the midst of the sermon the Indian whoop might be heard outside.

The Indians did make such an attack at one time on the village of Swanzev.

Knowing that on the Sabbath the colonists would be together in the meeting-house, they planned to swoop down upon them there. "We can kill them all at once," said the Chief. "It will be far easier than killing them one by one in their houses."

The colonists little knew what was going on outside their church while they listened to the long sermon. Slowly and softly the Indians were creeping in through the forests, close to the village. Hiding themselves behind the trees, they waited. The colonists came out into the clear morning air little dreaming what was to come. One instant, and the air rings with the whoop and yell of hundreds of savage foes! Another, and out bursts the tribe, armed with guns and clubs and tomahawks! A terrible massacre followed, in which the little village was

destroyed, and the few colonists that escaped fled in terror through the forests for protection from the cruel foe. This was the opening of what is known in our history as King Philip's War.

King Philip was the Indian chief. "Do you not see," said he to his people, "that these white men are growing every year more and more powerful? Do you not see how their numbers increase? Once there was only a little settlement of them on Plymouth Bay. Now there are hundreds of settlements and thousands of families. Every year we are being pushed farther and farther back from the coast. Some day they will take our hunting grounds from us. Besides this, they have wronged us; they have killed our braves. Let us band together—all our tribes—and make war upon them."

It was a terrible war that followed; for Philip was a powerful chief, and the tribes were ready always to follow where he led. For years the colonists lived in constant terror. Children were stolen, women were seized and carried away into slavery, men were shot down at their work by their unseen foe, lurking behind the trees. These were terrible days to the colonists. At last King Philip fell in battle. "Now," thought the white men, "there is some hope for us. With the leader taken from them, the Indians will lose courage."

But there was Annawon!—King Philip's strongest ally—Annawon, whose voice in battle could be heard above all the noise, thundering out "I-ou-task! I-ou-task!"—which meant in the Indian language, "On! on to battle! Stand to it! Stand to it!"

"There is little hope for us," said Captain Church, "even with King Philip dead, until we can capture Annawon. His battle cry is to his men like fuel to a fire. He urges them on to battle even as did Philip himself."

"Annawon has made his camp in a swamp near by," said a scout, coming to Captain Church.

"We must find it," answered the brave captain quickly. "And we must take Annawon prisoner there in his very camp."

"Impossible!"

"But it must be done." And with these few words the sturdy captain set forth with a little band of followers, each one as brave as himself.

Softly, softly they crept across the hills, hiding in the grasses and behind the trees,

listening, hardly drawing breath lest an Indian scout discover them.

At last, reaching the top of a steep hill, they saw the camp in a deep hollow at their feet. And see! there before the door of his tent lay Annawon himself—asleep.

“Now is our time!” whispered Captain Church. Softly, softly again they crept on,—into the camp—close, close to the tent. Half awake, Annawon slowly opened his eyes. But in an instant Captain Church sprang upon him, and Annawon was a prisoner.

“Go at once,” said Captain Church to his men, “to the Indians lying about their camp-fires. Tell them their chief is captured, and that hundreds of white men stand outside the camp waiting to kill them all unless they will surrender. If they will surrender their lives shall be spared.”

The men hurried away. "I am very tired," said Captain Church, coolly. "I will sleep." And lying down beside Annawon, and throwing one foot over him that he might wake if Annawon moved, the brave captain did sleep two long hours.

Strange hours those must have been for Annawon. At last the Captain awoke. Then Annawon arose, and shaking himself like a great Newfoundland, with an "ugh!" he marched off into the forest.

"He has surrendered his arms," thought Church to himself; "I wonder what he will do." In a few moments Annawon returned. "This is war belt," said he, laying at Church's feet the belt King Philip had worn in battle. "You great captain. You kill Philip — you capture Annawon — the war now ended — belt belong to you."



LADY YEARDLEY'S VISITOR.

Once in a great while, however, there would be an Indian so different from his tribe that one could hardly believe he was an Indian.

There is a story told of one colonial woman,—Lady Yeardley she was called—who, one Christmas eve, while she sat alone with her children, saw suddenly at the window frame an Indian's face.

For an instant her very heart stopped beating. An Indian at the window! She alone with her children! Her husband away! The children clung to her in terror.

"I must not seem afraid," she thought. "If this red man has come to kill us this door will be no protection; I will open it at once."

Quickly the bar was pushed back and the door thrown wide open. "Welcome guest," said she. "This is Christmas eve. Of all times in the year, it is the time when one should willingly offer food and shelter to a wanderer."

"I come from the great Three Rivers," answered the Indian quietly. "I am chief of the Roanoke."

And as he spoke, he entered the house, marched over to the roaring fire-place, and stretched out his hands to warm himself.

He seemed kindly disposed; but no Indian in these days could be quite trusted. When he had warmed himself, he turned from the fire, lifted from his shoulders a great roll of furs, placed it upon the floor—not a word had he spoken yet—and slowly began to unroll.

"Papoose," said he, seeming to notice that his host looked in wonder at him.

And as he spoke out stepped from the roll of fur a little Indian boy. Such a sober little face! "Me bring him a moon of day," said the father;—by which he meant that he

had come a whole month's journey with the child.

Lady Yeardley's children, curious to see the little Indian boy, crept out from their hiding places to look at him. He winked his little black eyes at them, but said nothing.

"Me want him to be like them," said the father, pointing to the white children.

"Like my children?"

"Yes; me want him to learn of the speaking paper," he added;—by which he meant that he wished the child to be taught to read. "You wish me to teach him to read?" asked Lady Yeardley.

"Yes; and to break the sod with the plough. Me want him to be kind to papoose and squaw. Me want him to pray to the white man's God."

Tears came to the kind lady's eyes "Me want him to be like them," the chief repeated.

"And he shall be," answered Lady Yeardley, putting her hand upon the little child's head. "I promise you it shall be. And now let us have our supper. Let us eat of our Christmas pudding and drink of our Christmas beer. Children, be kind to our little guest. Remember this is the night the little Christ-child came on earth; and he taught us, you know, to love each other and to be kind to each other."

Morning came. The sun rose bright and clear. The church bell rang out its Christmas welcome, and Lady Yeardley and her children made themselves ready for church. It was a strange sight, when she reached the meeting-house, entered, and

walked with her strange guests down the aisle to her seat.

The men in the church sprang up. They seized their guns. "Out with the savage!" they cried. "He is a spy! a spy!"

"Stop!" commanded Lady Yeardley. "He is my guest. As such I claim your courtesy towards him. Listen, and let me tell you what this means."

Then the lady told the story. The men listened; but they only half believed in the honor of the red man after all.

"He will do us no harm," answered Lady Yeardley firmly. I pledge you my whole plantation that no harm shall come to us through him. I believe in him. Cannot you?"

Then she opened the door of the quaint old pew that was hers, and led her two

strange looking guests in. The men put down their guns, and sat back in their seats. It was a strange sight,—the Indian chief, side by side, with the beautiful Lady Yeardley in the little colonial church. But Lady Yeardley had no fear; she knew the hearts of her guests. “Poor little Papoose!” she thought; “poor little Papoose!”

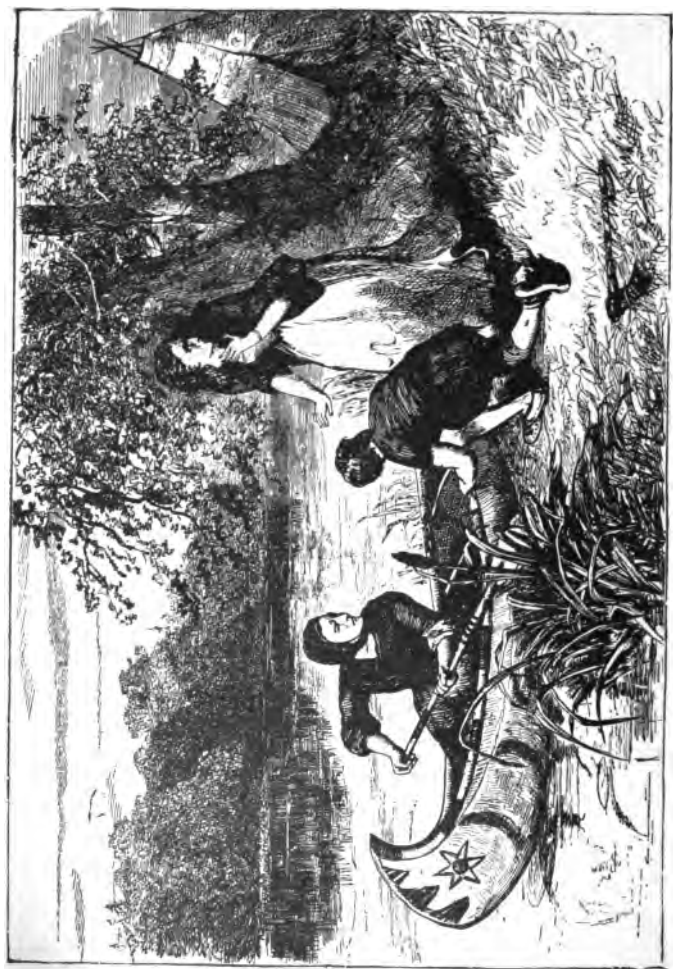


CORN CRUSHER AND CHAIR, FROM MILES STANDISH HOUSE.



THE BOY CAPTIVE.

I wish I could tell you that all Indian stories had as happy endings as this of Lady Yeardley. But alas, alas! it was very rarely that anything but suffering and torture followed an Indian's visit among the colonists. I could tell you pages upon pages of their terrible deeds and of the sufferings of the white people; of the scalping of whole



families ; of the burning alive of little babies ; of the separation of mothers from their children and of the brutal treatment of the captives by the Indians.

But perhaps a few here and there will be enough ; for you who like Indian stories can read them from so many other books. Just a few, then, and we will leave the Indians and talk of the great war of the Revolution.

In the little village of Haverhill lived the Dustin family. One day, as Mrs. Dustin sat in her home, her little week-old baby in her arms, there burst out upon the air the dreaded Indian yell. With a cry of terror, Mrs. Dustin sprang to her feet. "The Indians! The Indians!" cried the nurse, pale with fright.

Hardly had they time to speak, when in upon them rushed the war-painted red men. With whoops and howls, they tore the baby

from its mother's arms; and, seizing the two women, hurried them out of the house, where other Indians seized them to hurry them off into captivity.

"Can that be smoke?" cried Mr. Dustin, chancing to look up towards the house from the field where he was at work. Just then an Indian whoop rang out upon the air. The poor man's heart stood still. "God help me!" cried he. "It is the Indian whoop! Have they attacked my family? Are they burning my house? O, my wife! My children!"

Stricken with terror the poor man hurried across the fields and up the hill. Already the savages were upon him! "To the garrison! To the garrison!" he cried. But already the Indians had seized upon Mrs. Dustin, the little baby and the nurse and had dragged them away. Mr. Dustin could only

try now to save the other children. "Run! run!" he cried to them." "Run to the garrison house!"

The Indians pursued. Seizing the youngest child in his arms Mr. Dustin tried to hurry the poor frightened children on. But the savages were swift of foot, and were soon upon them. "Run, run," he whispered hoarsely; and then turning upon the pursuers he fired shot after shot, thus beating the savages back while he urged the children on towards the garrison house.

"Hurry, hurry, children," he cried, "we are almost there!" Then bang, bang went a gun! Another and then another! It was help from the garrison! Half dead with fright the children were dragged into safety within the palisades. Exhausted, the brave father staggered after them; the gateway

closed; and the Indians, defeated turned back to the river, where, with their captives, other Indians awaited them. Already Mrs. Dustin with her baby and the nurse were far away in the forest, and the little farm-house was soon a mass of blackened ruins.

It was a terrible journey. The Indians were cruel, and the poor sick woman was hurried along through the forests, up the river for miles and miles and miles. The little baby the savages killed before her eyes; and the poor mother staggered on, beaten and threatened with death if she failed.

After many days of travel, the Indians at last reached their camp on an island far up the river. "We shall escape," Mrs. Dustin would say to her poor nurse, whose courage often failed her. "We shall escape. We will escape."

In the camp was a little boy whom the

Indians had taken captive many months before. "My boy," said Mrs. Dustin to the lad, "do you not long to escape and make your way back to your home?"

The little fellow's lip quivered. The tears came into his eyes. "We will escape," Mrs. Dustin went on to say, "and you shall help. Listen. First of all you must learn to kill with the tomahawk as these Indians do."

The boy shuddered. "Yes," Mrs. Dustin went on fiercely, "You must learn. Then we must watch our chances to escape." We shall find a way."

The boy was a plucky little fellow. To learn to kill with the tomahawk was a terrible thing, but he would learn if he must.

The long, weary days passed slowly by. Mrs. Dustin and her nurse worked like slaves in their master's tents, and the brave boy

watched with them for any chance of escape. One day he crept into the tent and said to Mrs. Dustin, "The Indians are planning a pow-wow for to-night."

"Now is our time, then," answered Mrs. Dustin, quickly. "Be ready."

Night came on. The pow-wow — that is, the Indian revel — began. By midnight every Indian lay in a heavy sleep. Now all was still. The three captives stole forth. Taking the tomahawks, which the boy had learned to use and had taught the two women to use, they killed their captors, seized the great birch canoe, and paddled as fast as their strength would allow them.

Down, down the Merrimac they hurried their little boat, hiding in the bushes by day and paddling on at night.

At last, worn out with anxious watching,

half starved and sick, they reached one morning the little town of Haverhill.

Fancy the surprise and the joy in the little village when these brave women appeared.

"O, my wife, my wife!" cried Mr. Dustin.
"We had given you up as dead."

Drums were beaten, guns were fired; the whole village gave up its work, and all the people crowded into the little meeting-house to give thanks to God for the remarkable deliverance of His people.

And the brave little boy that helped? Yes, the Haverhill people remembered his part in Mrs. Dustin's escape. He was honored and cheered and had, you may be sure his part in the gala day. And then when this was over, the grateful people helped him to find his own dear home, from which, so many long months before, he had been stolen.



"FIRE-SPIRITS! FIRE-SPIRITS!"



HOW JACK-O'-LANTERN FRIGHTENED AWAY THE INDIANS.

But sometimes these cruel Indians were outwitted; and many a home and many a life was saved by the little boys and girls. In a little log cabin, in a clearing, lived a family in which there were two little girls, Prudence and Endurance. The Indians had often visited at their home, and the children's father and mother had always treated them kindly. But the Indians were treacherous sometimes, and could not always be trusted.

"Children," said the father one day, "Your mother and I wish very much to go to the village on business. You are young; but do you not think you can keep house alone until we come back? We will try to come back before night; but if we can not, do you think you are brave enough little girls to take care of yourselves here alone?"

"O yes! yes!" cried the children; "we shall be very busy all day bringing in the pumpkins from the field. Then at night we will bar the doors and sleep fast till morning."

The father and mother rode away; and the two sisters, feeling very grand because the house was in their care, set about their work. Towards night, while Prudence was busy piling the pumpkins into great rich,

golden pyramids, she saw two Indians close at hand. Quickly she hid behind the pumpkins. They did not see her; but went on talking together, pointing towards the house and making very suspicious signs.

"O Endurance! Endurance!" cried Prudence, running to the house when the Indians had gone away. "The Indians! The Indians! They've found out father an' mother are gone away, an' they're comin' here to steal, an' p'r'aps kill us."

The frightened girls knew not what to do.

"Prudence," said Endurance after a long pause; "I have it. We'll light the Jack-o'-lanterns that were made from the pumpkins. We'll scare the Indians away. They will think they are spirits."

"O Endurance!" was all the frightened child could say.

Quickly they decided what to do. Near the back door was a pit, dug for storing potatoes, and now covered with boards and brush. Taking their jack-o'-lanterns, they scrambled into the pit and concealed the entrance cleverly by drawing the boards and brush into place.

After what seemed hours of waiting and listening, the girls heard stealthy steps about the house. They watched. The Indians were creeping towards the cabin. A few steps and they would pass the pit.

"Now," whispered Endurance. And instantly the jack-o'-lanterns were lighted and their horrible, grinning faces thrust up through the brush.

The Indians saw them. For a second they stood, dumb with fear. Then with a whoop and a cry, they turned and fled.

All night long the little girls lay hidden in the pit, but no Indians returned. When morning came, the children crept out. There lay the tomahawks that the Indians in their terror had dropped, and three eagle feathers such as it was the fashion for Indians to wear in their hair.

And never after could an Indian be coaxed to come even near the cabin.

“Fire-spirits! Fire-spirits!” they would say; “Indian ’fraid. Ugh! ugh! Fire-spirits!”





TWO BRASS KETTLES.

Until a few years ago, there stood in Dorchester an old Fort House — so it was called — which was built no less than two hundred and fifty years ago. It was an oddly built house of brick, and that encased in wood. It was built this way as a protection from the Indians; in those days there was need that it should be.

There was many a story and legend connected with this old colonial house, but none more interesting than the story of the two great brass kettles that saved the children from an Indian, away back in those early times.

But how could two brass kettles save the children? You would never guess; but it came about in this way: In the kitchen was a great casement window. It was half covered over with grape vines and was the pleasantest window in the whole house.

“How pretty the light comes through the leaves!” thought the trusty housemaid, Experience, who had been left at home this Sunday afternoon with the children. “And the orchards look—” But Experience started back with a cry of terror. Her face paled, her whole frame trembled so that she could hardly

stand. "An Indian!" she gasped. "O what shall I do? The children! The children!"

In an instant a thought came to her. There were two great brass kettles in the kitchen—such as they used to hang in the wide, open fire-places. They had been scrubbed and polished only the day before, and there they lay, bottom upward, in the middle of the floor.

"The children!—under the kettles!" she whispered to herself; and before the children could dream of what had happened, she had seized them from their play had crowded them under, and had clanged the great heavy kettles down over them. "Keep still," she whispered, "don't make a sound." Then she rushed to the door, bolted it, and stood with the fire shovel awaiting attack. Poor girl! Little help would the fire shovel be if the Indian burst in the door with his cruel tomahawk.

Still it was a weapon, and she stood there, brave girl that she was, ready to defend her master's children with her life, if need be.

"There is a gun up stairs," thought the maid. "I must have it! Children, be quiet," she whispered as she fled past them up the stairs. But the children, not understanding, and not enjoying their sudden imprisonment, set up a cry. "O children, children!" sobbed the maid. Just then the Indian appeared at the casement.

"Ugh!" grunted he, staring at the kettles. "Ugh! ugh!" He had never seen anything like them. "Him speak," said he to himself, looking at them puzzled and half frightened.

"Me shoot," and lifting his gun, he aimed straight at the larger kettle. Bang! clang! went the shot, and the ring and echo of it filled the air. The babies screamed lustily

and began to creep, kettles and all, across the kitchen.

"Him alive! him move!" cried the Indian, backing away from the window, his eyes staring, his face one picture of fear. "Ugh! ugh!" and throwing down his gun, he turned and fled. The maid aimed at him, and away he ran across the orchard out of sight.

It was not long before the family returned. "What is it? What is it?" they cried, as the maid ran to meet them.

Poor girl! she could hardly tell them her story; but there were the little prisoners, and there was the Indian's gun outside the window.

"He may yet be on the premises," said Mr. Minot, seizing the gun and starting forth in search.

The Indian was on the premises; but he

could do no further harm. They found his dead body not far from the house, by the brook, pierced through with a bullet—for the maid's aim had been truer than she had dared to hope.

The Indian was buried in the meadow near by, and the brass kettles—well, they were kept for years and years and years. The babies grew up, grew old and died; their children grew up, grew old and died—but the brass kettles were kept, and never was there a visitor to the house but the Indian story was told and the kettles shown to him.



MERCY AND JOSH CARY.

But for all the country had grown so prosperous, and for all there were towns and villages and even many fine cities, life was often very hard and full of danger, especially on the outlying farms. There had been a war,

too, between the French nation and the English nation, and in this the colonies had shared the suffering, if not the glory that came of it; for the French colonies had fought the English colonies, and had hired the Indians to help them. As we have already learned, the Indians were a terrible foe; and whenever they fought there was much useless misery and suffering. There are many sad stories told of these times—some with very bitter endings; but here is one that ends well, even if it begins sadly; so I am sure you will be glad enough to read it.

“I believe there are Indians about,” said little Josh Cary. “Tig never acts that way unless it is Indians.”

“Nonsense! Josh,” answered his mother; for she was busy with her spinning and could not be bothered.

Josh looked rueful; and when by and by his mother bade his sister Mercy leave her spinning and go over to the Wilson's to borrow their brass kettle, he said to himself, "There are Indians. Tig knows; and she must not go alone."

It was in the time of the French and Indian war; and up and down the forests of Maine there were Indians lurking here and there, ever on the watch to kidnap the English and hurry them away into Canada; for the French had promised gold to any Indian who should capture an English settler and bring him alive into the provinces.

It was full three miles from the fort-house—the valley the Cary and the Wilson families had chosen for their home; but neither family had felt in danger, so well were they protected among themselves.

"Hurry, Mercy," said her mother; "and there will be quite time enough before the sun goes down."

Mercy, glad of the rest from spinning, put on her broad straw hat, plaited by her own hand, and hurried out with her brother Josh.

All the way Tig kept close at their side; and at every rustle of the leaves he would prick up his ears, growl, and show his teeth.

"How strangely Tig acts!" said Mercy, as she and Josh were crossing the brook, the borrowed kettle swinging between them. Josh made no answer; but he watched the dog, his young heart beating wildly.

Hardly had Mercy spoken, when "Ugh! Ugh!" and out sprang an Indian from the thicket.

"Help! help!" cried Josh; and scream after scream rang out upon the air.

Now it happened that the children's father was just then crossing from the well to the house, when he heard the screams.

"Where are the children?" he cried, rushing into the house.

"I sent them over to the Wilson's to get the brass kettle," answered Mrs. Cary.

"Good Heavens!" cried the father. "Some ill has befallen them;" and, seizing his gun, without another word, he rushed down to the brook.

At the same moment, gun in hand, there came hurrying down from the opposite fields one of the Wilson boys, his face deadly pale, his breath coming quick and fast.

"Did you hear a scream?" he cried,

as Farmer Cary reached the little foot-bridge that lay across the brook.

“Indeed, I did.”

“It was Mercy!”

“And little Josh is with her!”

“O Reuben, Reuben!” groaned the father;
“the Indians have stolen my children!”

“John,” he said, as the other boys came running up, “away to the fort-house for help! Hiram, guard our house! George, away to the Wilson house! Quick, every one! Let there be no delay! We will go in pursuit!”

Already Farmer Cary and Reuben had sped onward along the brook. Darkness was falling, and not a sound save the singing of crickets could be heard in the still air of the night.

A mile farther down the brook they found signs of a canoe, and the footprints

of two or more Indians; but no farther clue of the direction they might have taken could be found.

To follow along the shore of the lake, out into which the Indians had rowed, was useless; for the water was wide, and no one could predict upon which shore a landing might be made.

"What is to be done?" asked young Wilson.

Just then Tig gave a peculiar little sniff and a half suppressed bark. Both men ran to where the dog stood. There, drawn up beneath the bushes, was a canoe.

"This is strange," said Farmer Cary; and the two men without another word pressed on into the forest,—Tig leading.

All the long night they searched, but not a trace could be found.

Already the sun was beginning to send up its faint gray light in the east, when suddenly Tig came to a halt. His hair stood on end; his ears were erect; then, backing towards Reuben, his eyes fixed, he pushed himself close upon the young man's feet, as if backing away from some danger close at hand.

"Where is it, Tig?" whispered Reuben; but Tig's eyes were set. Reuben and Farmer Cary crept forward.

In a moment there appeared upon the ridge of the hill two Indians, carrying in their hands a gun and a scalping knife. Quickly the white men hid themselves, and Tig crouched at their feet. The Indians hastened down the hill and crossed within a few feet of the pursuers, and were making their way towards the shore.

"They are going back for their canoe," whispered Reuben.

"And their prisoners are hidden somewhere beyond the hill," added Farmer Cary.

At this Tig rushed forward, the two men following. At the base of the hill on the other side, Tig suddenly stopped again. He wagged his tail almost joyfully.

"He sees them," thought Reuben.

And indeed he did; for there just before him were the poor children tied each to a tree. Down upon Mercy's head the brass kettle had been crowded until the child was nearly smothered. Poor little Josh, tied hands and feet to a tree, could hardly move a muscle; while near by, cooking over a camp fire, bent a tall Indian evidently on guard.

There was no time to be lost. At

any moment the other Indians might return with their canoe. Carefully taking aim, Reuben discharged his musket, and the tall Indian fell. Instantly Tig sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

A moment more and the two children had been released. "Not a word! Don't speak!" whispered Reuben hoarsely; for there was danger yet so long as the two red men were alive and so near at hand.

"If one knew whether they are on land or water," said Farmer Cary.

"If they approach in their canoe, we are safe," said Reuben.

"But if they heard the shot, they will come back by land," reasoned Farmer Cary.

Tig, meantime, content that the Indian at his feet could do no harm, had run up the hill as if to look for the other

two. One moment, and back he ran, his eyes blazing, and every hair on end.

"Are they coming, Tig?" asked Reuben. Tig wagged his tail and again ran up the hill. "Hide behind the trees, children," whispered Reuben, and the two men hurried forward, following after Tig, who stood upon the top of the ridge.

"Careful, now," whispered Reuben. "Creep softly; I believe they are close at hand."

At that second Tig crouched in the leaves beneath a low growing bush. Both men understood, and hid themselves behind the trees. Nor were they a second too quick in hiding; for in an instant an Indian head appeared above the level of the top of the ridge. Then another. They looked around. They advanced cautiously. Not a sound was made by their moccasined

feet. They crept across the ridge and looked down into the valley. They shaded their eyes and peered. "Now is the time!" signalled Reuben and Farmer Cary to each other. Both raised their muskets and took most careful aim. The Indians moved a step forward. They made signs and pointed down towards the camp fire.

Bang! bang! went the muskets. And so nearly together that both Indians fell as if by one shot.

One fell dead — shot through the heart; the other, struggling to rise, Tig sprang upon him with a yell of rage, as if to tear him limb from limb.

Mercy and Josh had watched, trembling with fear, from behind the trees to which they had been fastened through that long, terrible night; and when they saw the Indians

.

fall they rushed up the hillside crying, "O father! O Reuben! we thought we should never, never see you again!"

And Tig? There was not a happier dog in all the world than Tig. How Josh hugged him! And how Mercy cried over him! Surely if he had not been just the best dog in all the world, he would have been utterly ruined with the petting he received from that time on, until, ten years later, when, from sheer old age, he curled himself up in a nice warm corner of the fireplace and went to sleep forever.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM THE SETTLEMENT.

It was, you remember, in 1620, that the first little band of Pilgrims, sailing across the wintry ocean, landed in the little bay off the coast of Massachusetts. In 1629 came the large colony of Puritans who settled in Salem, and then scattered themselves up and down the coast.

Year after year, new shiploads of people had come and settled here and there, on the coast and on the lakes and rivers, all the way from Maine to Georgia.

The Quakers had settled Pennsylvania, the Dutch had settled New York. There was a printing press in Cambridge, and there was a public library in New York City.

There were churches everywhere — churches with great, high-backed pews and doors; and many of them had bells in their belfreys.

There were, indeed, more than two millions of people in America! Think of that as compared with a century before, when there was only a little band of fifty in Massachusetts, and three or four thousand in the colony in Virginia, the oldest of all the colonies.

The country people still dressed simply, very much as they had in those very first days; but in the large towns and cities, there was already much fine society and elegant dressing.

The country people still clung to their homespun gowns, their kerchiefs and their caps. Their houses, now often large and comfortable, were low, rambling structures,



PROVINCE HOUSE.

with little windows, a great beam across the ceiling, and a long low "lean to" at the back.

In the towns and cities, there were great mansion houses, as they were called, with elegantly carved halls and stair-cases, spacious rooms, and often with great pillars reaching from the piazza up even to the third story. Often these mansion houses were great square buildings with large sunny rooms, ready always for the guest that was sure to come; for the Colonial people were generous indeed in their hospitality.

There had been a time in the first half of the century when fines, even, were imposed upon those people who were known to make any attempt at "worldlie dress," as they called it. A man must wear his hair short, even if it was the fashion in England to wear it long. And a woman who dared

array herself in jewelry—she was looked upon with terror—as one upon whom the judgment of heaven was sure to fall!

There had been some very severe laws in the colonies, also. For example, if a woman was known to be a scold, she was taken out “into the public square and ducked three times” under the running water of the village pump.

In the Virginia colony, if a woman slandered her neighbor, her husband was likely to be fined heavily; in some cases five hundred pounds of tobacco were paid to the Governor for violation of this law.

In Connecticut, no one under twenty years of age was allowed to touch tobacco; and even after he was twenty, he could use it but once a day. It is a pity this

last law isn't in order even to-day. If it were, there would be better health, and



A COUNTRY HOUSE IN COLONIAL TIMES.

our people would not be so “nervous;” at any rate, the air would be a great deal sweeter in many an American home.

There were laws, too, as to dress. If a man owned land valued at two hundred dollars, then his wife might be allowed to wear gold and silver laces; but if any poor man's wife dared dress beyond her means, she was sure to be publicly punished.

In the public squares were erected the pillory and the stocks, and into these, since there were no prisons, men who had broken the laws were placed, and made to stay there a whole day at a time, to be laughed at and jeered at by every passer by.

The Sabbath laws were most severe of all. No laughing and talking, no "secular reading" were allowed in the homes. In the old records there are names of colonists who were fined even for kissing their own wives and children on the Sabbath day. Poor little children! Sunday was, I fear, a gloomy

day for them; for not only must they sit through the long sermon in the church, but even when they were at home they must not laugh, they must not talk, and if they read at all, they must read that dreadful catechism.

If a man or woman was absent from church except for severe illness, a heavy fine was laid upon the offender. Often the men were publicly whipped; and if they persisted in absenting themselves, they were liable even to be hanged.

But gradually all these over-severe laws and customs died away. So many people had come from England—many of them very wealthy, and so much of elegance in furniture and in clothing had been brought across the water, that the English fashions soon crept into colonial life, until in the cities,

society was now as gay, and the men and women as handsomely dressed as in any country in Europe.

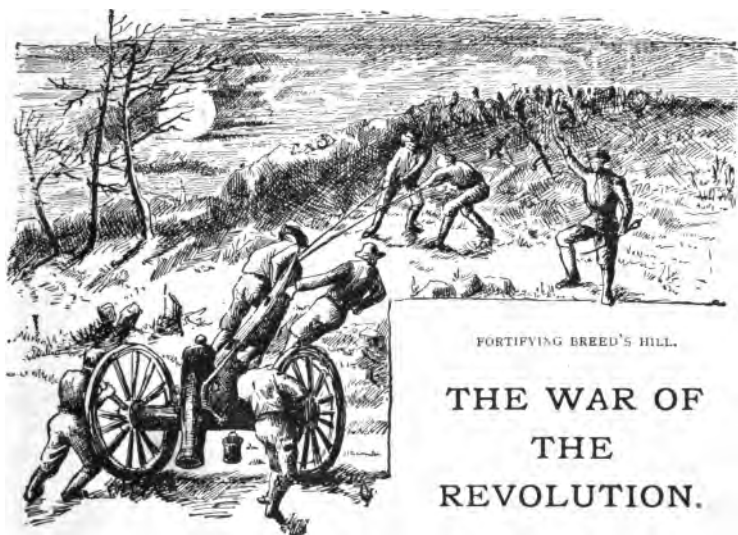
The fashions in these days were very pretty. The men powdered their hair and tied it in a cue behind. Or, if a man did not wear his own hair in this way, he wore a powdered wig. He wore, too, a gay-colored coat and waistcoat, velvet trousers, silk stockings, and great, handsome, silver buckles on his shoes.

The women piled their hair high on their heads, and powdered it white. Their dresses were rich brocade, made with pretty little round waists and great puffed sleeves.

The children, perhaps you will be sorry to hear, had little part in all this elegance. It had not by any means yet become the fashion for children to be much in society.

Their place was at home, and in their beds at night. "Early to bed and early to rise," was the motto for little folks. They were also dressed simply and plainly, allowed to run and play, expected to go to school and learn their lessons, and, when night came, to take their candles and go to bed.

There was now and then a children's party in the afternoon, and on these occasions the children were dressed in their quaint little dresses, often of rich material; but usually their straight little frocks of simple cloth were all they were expected to want; and the little boys were equally quiet and simple in their homespun suits and clean, white ruffles.



In all these years that had passed, the two millions of people,—some English, some Dutch, some of French descent—had come to think of themselves as a united people—almost as a nation by themselves.

Side by side they had fought together against the Indians; they had struggled on together in their little colonies, suffering

together from cold and hunger; they had watched each other's growth and prosperity, had opened trade with each other, and were all loyal and obedient to the English Government from which they had all received their charters.

The very first settlers—many of them, both the Pilgrims in Massachusetts and the Quakers in Pennsylvania, had left England in great bitterness of heart because of the religious persecution that had been their lot in that country.

Much of this, however, had died away now, and little English churches stood side by side with the Puritan churches in the colonies, one respected as much as the other; or at least there was no bitterness between them.

But now there came a time when

England, seeing the importance of these colonies, how rich and powerful they were growing, bethought herself to make some use of them.

"They are our children," said England; "why should they not help us? We need money from them to help support this, the mother country. They are growing wealthy. We will call upon them for help."

"Certainly we will help," answered the colonies. "We number now two million people. We have cities and towns; we have manufactures, we have commerce, and we are ready and willing to give our share of help to the mother country."

"That is very well," said England; "that is as it should be. We have planted the colonies; they have been watered by our care. We now ask that they show

proof to us that our care has not been a thankless task."

The colonies were glad indeed to receive this word from the country they loved and served. They were glad to be recognized by the English power, and proud to be looked to for their just share of taxation for the support of the government.

"Of course," said they to each other, "to be taxed by the government means that it now recognizes us as of some importance in the great world of commerce and trade. And if we are of importance enough to enter upon our part of the support of the government, we shall have our representatives in the Government."

"Certainly," agreed all the colonies; and they were very proud of the prospect. Indeed more than one colonist away down in his

secret heart began to wonder if it might not come about that he should be one of the representatives sent to England to speak in behalf of the colonies.

“Representatives!” cried the English Government. “Indeed you will have no representatives. We need your money, and it is your business to help us because you are our children; but as to having a voice in the government indeed, you shall not.”

The colonists looked at each other in amazement. They had never dreamed of such injustice. “Do you mean to say that you propose to tax us for the support of the Government, and then will give us no share in it?”

“That is what we mean,” answered the mother insolently.

"Taxation without representation?" gasped the colonists.

"Taxation without representation," was the reply.

"But we will not submit to such injustice."

"You shall."

"But we will not."

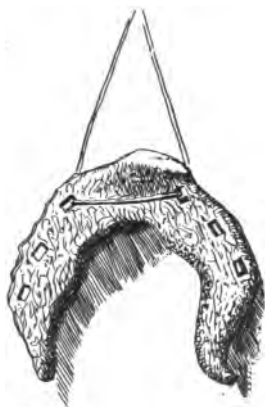
"We will whip you into it."

The colonies made no farther answer; but they talked about it, each with the other. And the more they thought and the more they talked, the more determined they were to resist the unjust demand of the English Government.

"The Government shall never have one cent from us by any such unfair means," said they. "We would willingly pay our part if we might in return be considered as a part of the people—not its slaves."

"The General Assembly have the only right to lay taxes upon the inhabitants of this Colony," thundered Patrick Henry, the brave Virginia orator.

The English Government heard all this; but it only smiled at what the colonists said, and went straight on planning ways to extort from them the money they were so determined to have.



COLONIAL HORSE SHOE.



THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

The first thing the English did to raise money from the colonists, was to send over a shipload of paper on which had been placed an English Government Stamp.

“You are to use this paper,” said the English Government, “and you are to use no other. We shall sell it to you for whatever price we please, and you are to buy it. You are, then, to use it in all business transactions.

“For example, if any man sells a house to another man, the bill of sale must be made out on this paper or we, as the Government, will not consider the sale legal. If your people in the colonies would marry, the marriage certificate must be made out on this paper or it is of no value before the law. If a man about to die wishes to make his will, he must make it upon this paper, or the claims of his heirs shall be considered of no account and his estate, may, if we choose, be taken from them by the Government.”

This was a hard blow to the colonists. It seemed almost as if the paper would have to be used. How could business men get on without it? If they did not use it, business would be stopped; and this, of course, would be a heavy blow to the

country; for a man could neither buy nor sell; he could not even pay a debt and take for it a receipt of any value unless it was written on this stamped paper.

The colonists were furious. They talked of nothing else. Everywhere public meetings were held and rousing speeches made by the angry people. Benjamin Franklin, one of the great colonial men of his times, was sent to England to intercede for the colonies.

Even in the English House of Lords itself, there were men who condemned the action of their own government. The great William Pitt was one. Rising in his seat, he thundered out across the great chamber, "We are told that the Americans are obstinate; that they are almost in open rebellion against us. I rejoice that they are

obstinate; I rejoice that they have resisted; I rejoice that they are not willing to submit like slaves to our injustice."

Now, William Pitt was a great man in the English House; and to have him come out in defense of the colonists, was a blow to this English action against them. Week in and week out this battle of words was waged in the English Parliament; and in the end, it came about that the stamped paper was recalled, and the colonists were free for a time to do as they wished.

But the government had by no means given up the fight. It was not very long before a law message was sent over to the colonies, saying, "We shall now tax your tea — three pence a pound on your tea."

Again the colonists stormed. "The three pence a pound is little; but the principle,

the principle is at stake! Taxation without representation! we will not endure — be it three pence or even three farthings!" Again public meetings were held and public speeches made. The people talked of nothing else and the papers were full of it. Some one made a comical song about it, in which the English Government was called the Old Lady from over the sea, and the colonies were called her daughter.





PART OF A TEA SET OF 1776.

REVOLUTIONARY TEA.

There was an old Lady, lived over the sea,
And she was an Island Queen ;
Her daughter liv'd off in a new countrie,
With an ocean of water between ;
The old lady's pockets were full of gold,
But never contented was she,
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax
Of three pence a pound on her tea,
Of three pence a pound on her tea.

“ Now Mother, dear Mother, the daughter
replied,

“ I sha’n’t do the thing you ax,
I’m willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
But never the three penny tax ; ”

“ You shall,” quoth the mother, and reddened
with rage,

“ For you’re my own daughter you see,
And sure, ’tis quite proper the daughter
should pay

Her mother a tax on her tea,

Her mother a tax on her tea.”

And so the old lady her servant called up,

And packed off a budget of tea,

And eager for three pence a pound, she put in

Enough for a large familie ;

She ordered her servants to bring home the
tax,

Declaring her child should obey,
Or old as she was and almost woman grown,
She'd half whip her life away,
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door
All down by the ocean's side,
And the bouncing girl pour'd out every
pound
In the dark and boiling tide ;
And then she called out to the Island Queen,
" O Mother, dear Mother," quoth she,
" Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped
enough,
But never a tax from me,
No! never a tax from me."



SENDING FOOD TO THE SOLDIERS.

THE CHILDREN JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

You may be sure the children were not behind in loyalty in all these times. As soon as it was found that war with England must surely come, that there was

no escape from it, unless like slaves, the colonists were willing to submit to the injustice of the Mother country, the men and women, and even the little children, set themselves to work to prepare for war.

What could the children do? Indeed there was much they could do. The little girls could knit stockings for the soldiers that were to be; they could spin the yarn—for it was the custom in those days to have in the houses spinning wheels. They could help weave, too; for there were great looms set up in the houses upon which rough homespun cloth could be woven. And the boys—often they, too, could help even in the spinning and the weaving.

And the farmer-boys raised chickens and sheep, which they sold to get money for the war; or later, when the war really

was upon them, the chickens and sheep were sent for food for the soldiers.

One little girl gave her own little pet lamb—all she had—for the relief of the Boston people, who had been crowded out and half-starved by the British soldiers who came into Boston and made of Boston common their camping ground.



"I WANT TO KNIT STOCKINGS FOR THE SOLDIERS."



GEN. GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS.

THE BOSTON BOYS.

And speaking of the Boston Common brings to mind at once the story of the plucky little boys that went to the British General to complain of the way his soldiers had treated them.

It came about in this way: Boston Common, being laid out on a side-hill, and having, too, little low, hollow places in which the rains could collect and make little ponds, afforded a most excellent winter play-ground for the boys of Boston. On the side-hills there was such coasting! and on the ponds, the skating was perfect,—as you will grant skating always is.

But unfortunately for the boys it was on this very common that the British soldiers, who had now been sent over from England to frighten the Colonists into submission, had made their camp. This ought not, however, to have made any difference to the boys as far as their coasting and skating were concerned; for there was plenty of room for both soldiers and boys.

The soldiers, however, feeling that they had come to subdue the Colonists, and that

no opportunity to show their authority was too small to be made use of by them, began at once to annoy even the little boys. At night they would break the ice on the ponds, and scatter sand on the coasts, or dig down through the snow until bare ground showed through,—just for no reason in the world, you see, but to annoy the little boys who were so unfortunate as to be the children of the colonists.

One day there came a heavy rain. The coasts were icy, and the old ice on the ponds was flooded over with water. “Now if it will only clear off cold,” said the boys, exactly as you would say the same words to-day.

The Weather clerk was kinder to the boys than the soldiers were. It did clear off cold,—very still and cold—and the ice froze quickly and smoothly. After school at noon,

and again at night, the boys came to look upon this ice. They stepped out to test it—just a little way. It cracked a little—it was not quite strong enough yet.

“Just like glass,” the boys said. “Tomorrow it will bear us—then hurrah for the skating!”

Happy as happy boys could be, they went home that night to sharpen their skates and fix their straps—to be all ready in the morning. These boys were not afraid to rise with the sun, and there would be a good long time to skate before school-time.

Hardly was the sun well up when their voices were heard on Beacon Hill and all around. They were already on their way to the Common.

But alas for their fine hopes! In the night-time the sentinels, having nothing

better to occupy their minds, had gone on to the ponds, and had cut and chopped the ice. There was not even room for one boy to cut a circle.

A more indignant set of boys you never saw. How their eyes flashed and their cheeks blazed! And talk? Never did boys talk so fast and so loud and so all at once, each one screaming above the other, as did these boys.

"The cowards!"

"The miserable English!"

"The thieving red-coats!"

"See here, boys," screamed one boy, even louder than all the rest. "We won't bear it! I tell you we won't bear it! I move we go straight to Gen. Gage and tell him what his cowardly red-coats have done."

"But Gen. Gage is a red-coat too."

"Yes, but he wouldn't be so mean as to

attack boys. My father says Gen. Gage is no coward even if he is a red-coat."

"Let's go straight to him!" screamed all the boys.

"Let's go now! Tell him all about it! Show him the ice! Make him come and look at it!" And away the boys ran, straight to the tent of the great Gen. Gage himself.

Hardly had the general presented himself when the leader burst forth. Now the colonial children, as I have told you, were very quiet, retiring little people, having been brought up on the Be-seen-and-not-heard rule; but this time the boys forgot all about rules. Little thought had they for anything but that justice be done them.

Gen. Gage heard them through. You see he had been a boy once himself, great as he was now.

"Who sent you here," asked he, "to complain of my soldiers? Have your rebel fathers been teaching you, too, to rebel?"

"Nobody sent us, sir. And we don't come to rebel. Your soldiers have not used us well. They have behaved like cowards. They have broken down our forts, they have spoiled our coasts, and now they have broken the ice on our ponds. We have not rebelled; we only come to you for justice."

The general laughed — how could he help it? "Very well, my lads, I promise you my soldiers shall not trouble you again. If they do, come to me. You are plucky little fellows, and you shall have your coasts and your ponds."

"Thank you, sir! Thank you, sir!" cried the boys. Indeed, had he not been a red-coat, I think they would have cheered him, so

fairly had he met and answered their just appeal.

“Even the children,” said Gen. Gage, telling the story to a brother officer—“even the children here draw in the love of liberty in the very air they breathe.”





A DARING GIRL.

A DARING GIRL.

During the war that followed between the colonists and England, the colonial children more than once proved themselves worthy to be the sons and daughters of the brave men

and women who were struggling to save their country.

There was on the Ohio river a large fort, called Fort Henry. Of the forty-two soldiers who, with their wives and children made up the garrison, thirty had been slain in ambush by the Indians. Only twelve men were left to defend these dear ones from a band of five hundred savages that one day suddenly burst upon them. But these soldiers, although few in number, were skilled marksmen, and it was not long before many an Indian lay dead under their unerring aim.

"The powder is giving out!" soon whispered the captain hoarsely.

Every one started in terror. To surrender meant death to every woman and child in the fort.

"Outside—only sixty yards away, in the

powder-house, lies a cask of powder. If we only had that!" groaned the captain.

"I will get it," said a youth, his face growing pale and stern as he spoke.

"You know it means death," answered the captain.

"I know; but the powder must be brought. One of us must go. It may as well be I."

"But not one man can be spared!" cried Elizabeth Vane, springing towards the youth. "Stand by your gun and I will go."

"You!" cried the men.

"Yes—I."

"But you will be killed."

"I shall be killed if we surrender," said she; "and not a man can be spared." And out she rushed from the fort, across the space, straight towards the powder house.

Even the Indians themselves halted and stared at her. Straight through their fire she passed and entered.

The Indians did not seem to understand — not even when she came forth, the little cask folded in her apron. On, on she flew towards the fort; and not until she had nearly reached the gate, did a suspicion of what she had done seem to dawn upon the stupid savages. But when they saw, whizz, whizz, whizz, whizz flew the arrows through the air around her head.

One second more and she has reached the gateway! The colonel himself springs forward and draws her in.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he cried, the great drops standing out upon his forehead.

The men seized the cask and tore it open. In a moment a fresh volley burst forth upon

the foe. For a time the savages fell back. Every moment was precious. If only the garrison might hold out until relief came. Already a signal had been given. Help must come very soon. Bravely the twelve men stood to their post. Not a grain of powder was wasted. Not a shot but was carefully gauged; not one but did its work.

"If help will only come! We can hold out an hour longer," said the colonel. Slowly the time dragged on. Every moment seemed an hour to the strained hearts within the fort.

But at last help did come. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the savage foe found themselves surrounded and attacked from every side. Relief had come.

With howls and yells the cruel red men darted their last arrows and turned and fled.

The last cask of powder was nearly gone.
But the fort was saved.

All honor to the brave girl, Elizabeth
Vane, who dared the foe, and to the brave
twelve who held them back!



COL. ALLAN AND HIS BOYS.

Did you ever hear how a certain Col. Allan and his three boys attacked and defeated the English off the coast of Maine?

Colonel Allan was a whole-hearted patriot. There was nothing he would not sacrifice for his country. Even the English used to say of him, "He is the soul of honor; his word is truth, and he dares fate."

During these trying times in the colonies Col. Allan had made a name for himself. Everyone—colonists, English, Indians and all—knew that if Col. Allan said a thing was to be done, it would be, were it in the power of man to do it. Both friends and enemies alike knew this of him, his friends loving him, and his enemies hating him for it.

“He is a traitor — a traitor to the king,” the English would say when reports of his deeds reached their ears. “Every colonist in rebellion is a traitor, — this John Allan one of the very worst of all.”

“As they please,” the daring Colonel would laughingly say, when he heard how the English hated him. “They but rank me with Washington, Patrick Henry and other traitors. What greater honor, pray, can I ask?”

Now Col. Allan owned a large barge, named the Minute Man. It was a fine vessel, rigged with sixteen oars and a full sail; and besides that, in the bow was mounted a large swivel gun.

With this barge, Col. Allan was in the habit of running up and down Passamaquoddy Bay, at the extreme end of Maine,

always on the watch to harass and annoy any English vessels that chanced to be making their way from the loyal British provinces to the New England shores.

Often the brave Colonel had narrow escapes; and more than once he nearly lost his life. How he liked to tell of these adventures when he reached his home! And how his three boys, William, Mark, and John, would listen, their eyes and mouths wide open, their hearts beating fast with a longing to take their part in the great battle between the English and the colonists!

One day their opportunity came. It was a fine clear morning; the wind was fresh, the waters were sparkling and blue.

"Hoist the sail, my boys," called the Colonel, cheerily. "Who knows but to-day we may save the country!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the three sailor lads, proud to be taken with their father into the possible conflict.

Hardly had the little barge rounded the point, and bounded out into the sea, when William cried, "Father, I see something!"

"What is it?" called back the Colonel, who was steering the craft.

"I don't know. It looks like ——"

"Mark, you are far-sighted. Take a sharp look, my lad!"

"I believe it's a British man-of-war!" cried Mark, straining his eyes to see.

"Is it coming this way?"

"I think it is at anchor; and there are two fishing boats! Then there is a something else. I can't make it out."

"Look sharp, boys. My old eyes can't see as far as yours," called the daring Colonel,

steering the boat straight towards the man-of-war.

"It's a lumber raft!" screamed all three boys, as the barge neared the man-of-war.

"William," load up the swivel," said the Colonel, quickly. "John, are the ropes all right? Mark, look to the powder."

"But, father, what can our little four-pound gun do against that great British man-of-war?"

"Never mind the man-of-war, she's anchored," laughed the Colonel.

"But she has launches."

"Launches, of course; but are we afraid of an English launch?"

For a few minutes all was still. One boy packed the gun, another worked at the ropes; another cleared the deck. All was bustle and hurry. Rapidly the little barge

shot forward straight towards the lumber raft.

As they drew near, they found there were no less than twenty lumber men upon it, and many of them were armed with muskets. It was a large raft. Thousands and thousands of logs were piled upon it.

The lumber men saw the little barge bearing down upon them. "What's that?" called one of them.

"It is Allan's barge. The miserable traitor!" called another.

"Does he think to attack us, here under cover of this English man-of-war?" laughed another.

"Those hot-headed rebels! They don't know what they think," sneered another.

But all this time the little barge was sailing straight on towards the raft. The

breeze was stiff; and in five minutes only it had come up within half a mile of it.

"Come, William, bear a hand. Mark and John, stand by the sheets. Steady now, while I take a shot at the English beggars."

It was not easy to take aim from the bounding rocky barge. But down came the first shot so close upon the heads of the raftsmen that they were quick to dodge and throw themselves flat upon the logs.

"Good!" laughed the Colonel. "Mark, another four-pounder. Steady there! William. Mind the helm. Now then, ready!"

"Bang!" thundered the little four-pound swivel again. A second, and up flew a plank of the little raft. The ball had hit the logs. Panic followed. One raftsman jumped into the water. "Ship ahoy!" they cried, calling upon the man-of-war for help.

The Colonel chuckled. "The cowards!" he hissed between his teeth. "Now, once more at them! Steady, boys! Lay alongside! Mark, be ready to let go the sheet! Now!"

Bang went the little four-pounder a third time.

"It's no use," growled the raftsmen; and with one rush they took to their boats, paddling away for dear life towards the man-of-war.

Bump came the little craft alongside. Seizing an axe, the Colonel leaped on board. Quick as a flash, his practiced eye saw where to strike his blows to break up the raft. Only a few moments, and away the logs went, bobbing up and down upon the waves, drifting in every direction over the sparkling waters.

"No British will build vessels of those logs, my boys," laughed the Colonel, jumping back upon the little barge.

But hardly had he seized the helm, when boom went the great gun from the man-of-war!

"Awake are you, at last," laughed the Colonel. "A little too late, however. Tack away, boys. Now for home!"

"But see!" cried the boys; "there's a launch set out."

"Tack away, boys," was all the Colonel answered.

"And there are two other boats!"

"And a great brass gun!"

"And they are heading towards us!"

"Naturally," answered the Colonel, coolly. "Give me the tiller! Quick now! Stand by the sheets! Do as I bid you!"

The Minute Man stood off; the enemy bore down upon them.

"They'll have us sure!" whispered the boys.

"Never!" thundered the Colonel. "There's more than one way to escape. Now stand by. We'll give them a race up the bay."

Away the Minute Man scudded before the wind, the launch close on behind.

"They are gaining on us!" called William. "They'll have us this time!"

"No they won't, my boy. It's a close game we are playing with King George; but we'll win, never fear."

"But how, father?"

"Do you see that wooded point just below?" Head straight to it. Lay round the cove. The water is deep. I know the place. Quick, quick now, my lads!"

A moment, and the little barge had rounded the point. For the time they were out of sight of the launch. "Now, boys, off with your coats! Jump overboard and swim for the shore! Quick! lose not a second." And as the Colonel spoke, he, himself, struck down the mast, knocked in a great plug at the bottom of the barge. Then, leaping overboard, swam ashore.

The barge sank quickly out of sight. The Colonel and the boys hid themselves beneath the bushes. Only a moment and the launch swept round the point, the little boats close behind.

"Now we have them!" the captain was saying; but imagine his astonishment, as he rounded the point, to find — nothing to have!

No barge! no men! The water clear

and smooth! No trace of life to be seen!

The captain rubbed his eyes. Had he been asleep! Had he dreamed all this!

The sailors stared at each other in superstitious fear. "Witches," they whispered to each other, and turned to row away. Up and down the cove, the launch swept two, three times or more, its crew staring in dumb amazement, first at the water, then at the shore, and last of all, at each other.

"Very strange," growled the lieutenant, as the launch turned away, and went back to the man-of-war.

Colonel Allan and his three boys now came out from their hiding places, dried their clothes, and hurried back to their homes.

"The witches were in that barge!" the

sailors declared. And when, a few days later, Colonel Allan raised the barge, and appeared again in the bay with it, as bold and as daring as ever, the English were more puzzled still.

“Is the man in league with the witches?” they asked each other. “And do they teach him to make his barge to appear and disappear at his will?”



COLONISTS GRINDING CORN.



A LITTLE HERO.

There were many little boys and girls in these revolutionary days, who did their part in the saving of the country just as bravely as did their fathers and their mothers.

Little Robert, a lad of only eight years, stood one morning, staring into the great fireplace, where the logs snapped and crackled as brightly and as cheerfully as if there were no

war, no danger, no sorrow in this beautiful land, so broad and free.

"I wish I were a hero," said Robert, stuffing his little fists down into his pockets. "I wish I were a hero and could go to war."

Robert's mother sighed as she looked at her boy and thought of his father; in battle, perhaps, at that very hour with the cruel red-coats. Robert thought only of the fine uniform, the music, the marching, and all the grand parade of war; but Robert's mother thought of the danger, the suffering, and the desolation.

"Never mind, my boy," said she; "remember we can all be heroes in our everyday life."

Just then there came a noise at the door. It was as if some one fell with a groan upon the wide stone step outside.

Robert and his mother hurried to the door, and lifted the latch.

There upon the step lay a red-coat. His eyes were closed and his face was deathly pale. What should be done? Here was a brother man suffering and in want of help. But he was a red-coat. Could they give help to an enemy and bring back his strength to him?

Just then the soldier opened his eyes. "Help—help!" he whispered faintly. "I am not—a—red-coat,—I—am a spy." Then the eyes closed again, and the sick man fainted.

"We must bring him into the house, Robert," said his mother. "But first run and bring a cup of cold water."

In a moment the soldier opened his eyes again. "Quick!" he said. "The British are coming. Already they have wounded me."

And hardly had he spoken, when there appeared upon the hill-top two horsemen.

"Robert, help me!" cried the boy's mother. "Quick! we must get this poor man into the house and bolt the door."

It was wonderful that they had the strength; but seizing the soldier by the shoulders, they dragged him, half fainting, over the threshold, locked him securely into a secret closet — Colonial houses often had secret closets built into the walls — and were apparently busy at work in the kitchen when the horsemen halted at the door.

Robert was pale and trembling, and his teeth chattered.

A horseman noticed this; and, pouncing upon the child, he thundered, "Where is the spy that ran down through this valley an hour ago? Tell me, or we'll burn your house."

Poor Robert, ! His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth ; his knees trembled, and the whole world seemed whirling round and round.

One horseman winked at the other. "The lad knows," he said in a low tone ; "we will frighten him into telling."

"I won't tell," Robert shouted, so frightened and so determined to be brave that he forgot to be wise.

"You won't?" thundered the horseman. "Then, my lad, you will go with us, and we will shut you up in a big black prison." And as he said these cruel words, he reached down from his horse, caught the little fellow by the collar, lifted him on to the horse, turned and galloped away, and all so quickly that Robert hardly knew what had happened until he was half way down the lane.

"Robert, Robert!" screamed his mother; but the red-coats cared little for her cries.

Across the fields, over the hills, down the valley the war horse galloped, until Robert, who had never been outside his father's farm, wondered if they would carry him to the end of the world.

"Will you tell me now?" the horseman said to him when they had reached a place where there were hundreds of white tents, and where the red-coats were parading up and down in lines."

"Never," sobbed Robert, his lips trembling so that he could hardly speak.

"Little rebel!" hissed the soldier. "No time to be wasted on this lad. He's little; but he's a rebel. Throw him into the cellar of the inn. Mind you that you lock the iron doors," he shouted to a serving man near by.

Robert's heart sank. All the sky grew black ; and the poor little fellow knew nothing more until he opened his eyes an hour later and found himself in a black hole — so black he could hardly see the empty old casks against which he lay.

For hours and hours the boy lay there sobbing ; for what boy of eight years would not have been filled with terror at such a fate as this ?

By and by it grew darker and darker ; then Robert knew that night had fallen. Music and dancing he heard above him ; and often the loud laughter of the men outside.

“ But hark ! what sound is that ? It is the rasping of a rusty lock ! Then a flash of light ! A whisper — “ Little boy, are you there ? ”

Robert sprang to his feet. Had an

STORIES OF COLONIAL CHILDREN.

angel come to rescue him? Certainly it seemed like one — so beautiful was the lady's face. "Hush! child," she whispered. "Don't speak; come with me. I will carry you home."

A moment, and the child had been hurried up the narrow stairway, out through a black passage, out into the starlight. There stood a milk white horse fastened by the bridle. The lady herself, dressed though she was in her rich silk robe, and sparkling with jewels, mounted the horse, and away they flew again over hill and plain.

"You can find your way home from here, little boy," the lady said at last; and, letting Robert down from the horse, she turned and was away before the grateful lad could speak one word.

Day was just breaking, and away across

the fields he could see his home shining out among the trees. How he ran! There were lights in the house; for no one had thought of sleep in that home from which the boy had been stolen. Back and forth, back and forth, all night long, Robert's mother had paced, praying, while the tears ran down her cheeks, for her boy's safe return.

"O mother! mother!" Robert shouted, bursting in at the unlocked door. "O mother, mother, I didn't tell!" And then exhausted, the little fellow fell at his mother's feet.

"My brave boy! My little hero!" sobbed the mother, taking him up in her arms, the tears of joy rolling down her cheeks.

"Was I a hero?" whispered Robert; and in another second, so tired out was he with the long night of terror that, with a great sigh, he fell asleep, held close in his mother's arms.

COLONIAL DAYS AT AN END.

It was in 1783 that the war closed, the armies disbanded, and the victorious colonial soldiers returned to their homes.

The colonies were very poor. All the wealth they had, had been poured out to support the army. Taxes, and very heavy taxes, had to be levied upon the people to raise money to pay the debts of the government.

"We must have a new form of government," said the people. "Affairs in our country are in such a condition and so many matters need serious attention, that we ought to have some sort of a central government, with one man at its head who should overlook the whole."

I will not trouble you to hear how it all

came about—you would hardly care to read about it—but the end of it all was that a new form of government was formed, and GEORGE WASHINGTON, who, as you well know, had been the great man of the war, was made President.

These were wonderful days in the Colonies—but stop! we must not say Colonies any more. For the connection with, and dependence upon England was now at an end. The English army had been beaten and sent back to England in disgrace. The Colonies were not colonies any longer. They were now united states—so they said of themselves—united as one people, under one government:—THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

There were celebrations and celebrations from one end of the country to the other; in every colony—State, I mean—and in every

city and town and village, when it was proclaimed that a new government, a new nation now was born, and that Washington was to be its president.

There were processions and fireworks and tableaux. In one city a great car was made, shaped like an eagle, and drawn by six superb horses in most magnificent harness, with silver bells and waving plumes.

From his home in Virginia, Washington set forth upon his journey to New York, where he was to be inaugurated. There were no railways then, and he made his way on horseback from town to town. Everywhere he was greeted with songs; and long processions of happy children went forth to meet him. At Trenton, where, during the war, he had fought great battles, cheered by hosts upon hosts of people, a great arch of flowers

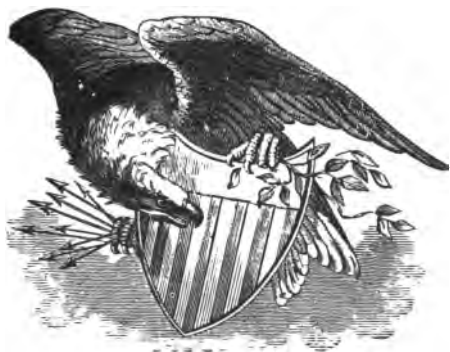
was raised across a bridge over which he was to pass, and the children, as he rode through the city, strewed flowers at his feet. Beneath the arch stood Trenton's most beautiful young girls, singing as he approached, these verses :

“Welcome, mighty chief, once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore:
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers :
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers! —
Strew your hero's way with flowers!”

As he drew near to New York City, a great and beautiful barge was sent out to

meet him, and a grand procession escorted him to Federal Hall where, with great ceremony, he was now inaugurated and so made THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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